

The February, 1925

Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

EDUCATION



ORGANIZATION

EMANCIPATION

Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Samuel Gompers' Creed

The Left Wing in
Science

What Freedom
Means to Us

Centralia — In 1925



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

Q The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Q Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

Q We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

Q These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Q Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

Q It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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The Spirit of Freedom

By VERA MÖLLER

I was born when the race was born,
I shall die when the race shall die.
For the spirit that creeps from out men's souls,
For justice and truth am I.
I was born of glory that's brighter than flame,
Or the blaze of the eastern sky.
There's nothing can slay me or crush me down,
And there's nothing can hold me fast,
And I shall come into my own
When the reign of the tyrants is past;
When the last fetter and whip and crown
Into the furnace are cast.
'Tis I who give man a strength divine
That nothing can daunt or kill;
'Tis I who steel him to bear the pain
And the strain to the heart and will.
When the thrones shall fall and the tyrants go
I shall be living still!

Latest Photographs from Our I.W.W. College

GROUP STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY.

The library has a good set of reference books, and an excellent selection of volumes of interest to class conscious workers. But more can always be used. Gifts to the library are acknowledged in I. W. W. papers.



IN THE KITCHEN

This room and the dining hall can accommodate 200 students. Boiler and cook house are under the kitchen. There is a "homey" atmosphere throughout the college, and the rooms are steam heated, assuring comfort to students.

NOT SKATING ON THIN ICE

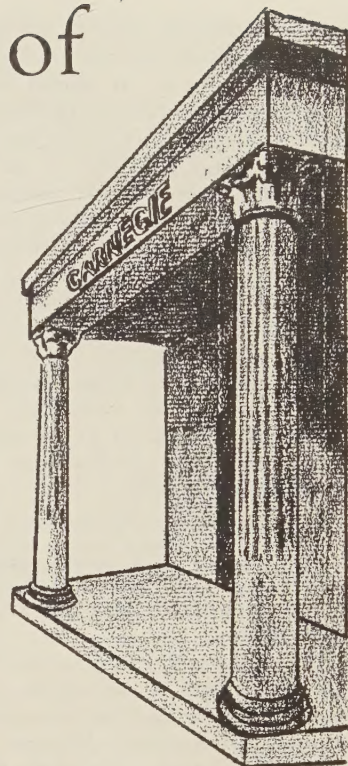
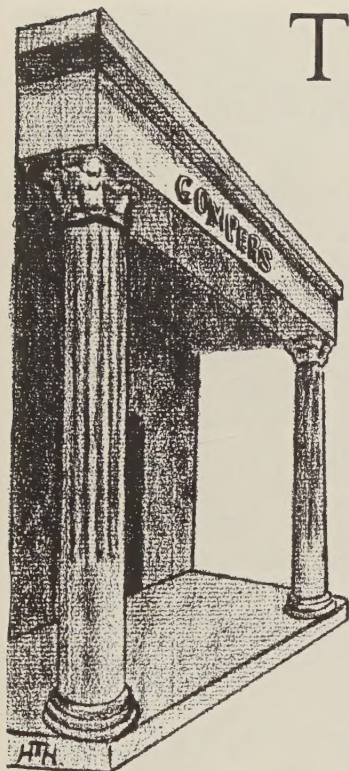
Spirit Lake is frozen solid and our fellow worker students are making the most of it. While the college exists first to develop brain power, its gymnasium and outdoor sports keep the students "fit."



The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

A Criticism of the Creed
of Samuel Gompers

By JOHN A. GAHAN



SEVENTY-FOUR years of it—a life that began in poverty, developed ambition, struggled with bulldog pugnacity through years of intrigue and treachery, finding wealth, triumph and a kingly end.

That was the personal history of Samuel Gompers, whose inauspicious childhood was laid in Whitechapel's squalid slums, and whose last resting place was not Westminster Abbey because we do not bury our kings there.

Last December, beneath bold streamer headlines, newspapers carried graphic accounts of the passing of this yellow leader of America's largest official labor-dividing movement. We read how the body was raised in its flag-draped casket on an artillery caisson; how cavalry from Fort Sam Houston preceded the cortege to the railway station, while Chopin's funeral march sounded San Antonio's last farewell. At the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway station the private car of the road's vice-president waited for the body, and the final journey started northeast, stopping frequently en route for those who wished to pay their respects to the dead, halting at last at Tarrytown, which is near Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

Historic names, these last, renowned in American letters, thanks to the genius of that excellent storyteller, Washington Irving. You remember the tale of Ichabod Crane fleeing from the district in terror of the Headless Horseman. Sam Gompers rode his enemies down roughshod and frightened off the weak, but no headless horseman was this doughty English Jew who bargained with the despoilers of his kind, selling the hopes of his people and the dreams of his class for the purple mantle of self-gratification crystallized practically of riches and influence. Thus was well earned his grave beside such sterling friends of the poor as Andrew Carnegie, William Rockefeller and John D. Archbold. Boon comrades in life for the monstrous spoliation of the workers, it was Gompers' wish to be their kindred in the dust, and now they lie in silent fraternity, cronies to the last.

Incredible as it may appear, there have been altogether too many post-mortem sketches of the man

drawn by ostensible radicals in which he is limned with sympathetic strokes as a valiant paladin, eager to don helmet and greaves to tilt against all comers in the interest of a downtrodden proletariat. One of these charlatans sees Sam's defection in 1917 when, in the imaginings of the verbose quack, he was lifted up and away from his lowly and militant routine to the seats of the mighty. But any perversion of fact may suitably serve the purposes of rhetoric. Examination of Gompers' life shows no such new departure, but rather an extraordinary consistency in its vigorous antagonism to every gesture of the working class toward emancipation.

That he grew more smug, self-centered and irritable as age crept upon him is merely a sign of the intensification of lifelong prejudices running to seed, of an arrogance wholly cocksure because of his opportunism's many victories. That his intolerance of opposition accumulated with dotage, and that participation of this country in the war pro-

vided him and his machine the patriotic pretexts to piously assist Department of Justice inquisitors in heretic hunting are no reason for us to forget that long previous service to the masters of industry admirably qualified him for the gentle pursuit of handing over radicals in and out of his organization to the tender mercies of the secular arm.

Mr. Gompers once wrote a book condemning Soviet Russia which he triumphantly called "Out of Their Own Mouths," and whatever the merits of his case may be, I have thought that out of Gompers' own mouth has flowed abundant evidence for us to competently estimate his character, and what is more important, to judge the organization of which he was so long the mainspring. I have examined his published opinions of the past thirty years and despite this flowery effusion in his pamphlet "The Trade Union" (1894):

In no organization on earth is there such toleration, so great a scope, and so free a forum as inside the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, and nowhere is there such a fair opportunity for the advocacy of a new or brighter thought

find that the policy that has expelled all incorrigible non-conformists in this last decade is essentially the same that welcomed the "new and brighter thought" of, say, the American Railway Union by promptly destroying it at the time of the liberal spirit quoted. Preambles of many central bodies of the Federation are quite forward things, but rituals are frequently worded to bind the initiated to the faith of an indestructibly immutable A. F. of L. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," and the "Gates of hell (new and brighter thoughts) shall not prevail against it."

Stagnation of A. F. of L. Ideas

Though the world moves, the Federation pronouncements of any given year might just as well have served at any other. Regarding the ridiculous craft autonomy, now obsolete as a weapon against financial hegemony, but still maintained, the following perfectly good A. F. of L. philosophy of thirty years ago is next presented. You will immediately recognize it as the unchangeable Federation policy:

It is true that single trades have been often beaten in pitched battles against the superior forces of (sic) united capital, but such defeats are by no means disastrous. On the contrary, they are useful in calling the attention of the workers to the necessity of thorough organization, of the inevitable obligation of bringing the yet unorganized workers into the union, of uniting the hitherto disconnected local unions into national unions, and of effecting a yet higher unity by the affiliation of all national and international (meaning trade unions with locals in Canada as well as in this country) unions in one grand federation, in which each and all trade organizations would be as distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

Such a contradictory authority has been diligent to show us the practical workings of this unity. We could fill volumes merely with lists of cases in point, but cite only such well-known examples as good



Sculptors have modelled workers as TYPES, but Gompers posed as an INDIVIDUAL and a personage as do the rulers of earth.

union stevedores working beside strikebreaking teamsters and first-rate card men on the railroads hauling scab coal and scabs while union miners bravely strike and uniformly lose.

Before the Gompers machine was thoroughly effective it suited Sam's designs to exhibit a broad-mindedness conspicuous by its absence when no longer needed. In the American Federationist in 1896 he wrote:

I have ever believed that the trade union platform was the broadest in existence. There is room enough for the most radical as well as the ultra-conservative—in fact, I have always regarded the existence of both these elements as essential to the success of our movement.

He never meant it, though, and kept assiduously engaged in perfecting his machine, the while choking the life out of any head popping up with even a faint pink complexion. As time went on he began to boast about a large membership, which, to be sure, is a most welcome sign in the light of per capita taxes, but is not securing any betterment for the rank and file unless results can be shown to that effect. How little advance has been made with all the large membership may be seen by considering the Federation's "Equal pay for equal work regardless of sex" slogan, which has been echoing down the years since 1897 to the present, still a slogan, and the 1898 opposition to child labor platform of the president's report to the St. Louis convention, which is still a live issue, even though Massachusetts

thinks otherwise. Narrow reformism in the Federation has sought to justify itself by its effectiveness—"If we cannot have the whole loaf, and of course we can't, then we can get a few slices." Yet one wonders why such moderate appeals find a deaf ear. Failure in all of these things does not suggest to the craft unionist leaders that a change of action is needed, and that such action must be predicated upon another form of economic association.

That Gompers was not ignorant of the rise of big business is made perfectly patent when he says in 1900 to the Louisville convention:

Industry has become so developed and wealth so concentrated that we are confronted with the associated interests of employers.

Again, he shows that no manifestation of unfolding capitalism escaped his notice and he solemnly tells the Buffalo gathering of his outfit in 1903 that:

Organized labor understands that there is organization in capital among capitalists . . .

But his remarks immediately pressing on this evidence of percipience show us that he had nothing to fear from such consolidation of bourgeois activity. He says:

As a matter of fact, as I see it, as organized labor sees it, we welcome the organization of the employers.

No matter that such boss class cohesion means more widespread starvation, more ready manipulation of violent agents favoring employers in industrial disputes, more efficient blacklists and more abject obeisance of workers to the gods of their bread and rags, Sam is for it. Why not? He had nothing to lose but the itinerant task of rapping at many doors of small retainers and he gained larger commissions at less effort from centralized capital.

Radical Utterances Used

The man's cunning, by which he easily duped many really progressive workers, is seen at play in occasional "radical" outbursts, and though he was ready to fall on the organized employers' neck in loving welcome in 1903 he exploded at Dayton, Ohio, two years later when facing a working class audience:

I was told that an organization of manufacturers held a convention at Atlanta and denounced the trade unions. A convention of what? A convention of manufacturers.

Just think of it! Denounced us, why? Because, as they say, the trade unions deprive the workingman of his liberty. When in the history of the world did the masters fight and make sacrifices for the liberty of their slaves?

It is claimed that sincerity to working class interests prompted his tactics, the methods of craft and sectional autonomy, but how can he be justified as either wise or honest when he displayed so keen a knowledge of capitalist systematizing but advocated no new means to combat it and fought with every bit of his strength any and all who proposed innovations, who saw that the old weapon could no longer function in modern industrial conflict and wished to devise instruments that would work? Several

quotations have been presented showing that he knew the way capitalists were massing their forces. As early as 1897 he said:

With the invention of new machines and the application of new forces, the division and subdivision of labor, many workers who have been employed at skilled trades find themselves with their occupations gone, which they have devoted long terms of service to acquire. Thus we see the artisan of yesterday the unskilled laborer of today.

Yet he and his machine went merrily on organizing skill and letting unskill go to hell, for all they cared. Even when migratory labor assumed proportions of great size he gave it only perfunctory mention at the Atlanta convention of the Federation in 1911, admitting that

The lot of the migratory laborer in the United States today is in some points worse than slavery. The slave was at least sufficiently well nourished to enable him to perform his allotted tasks.

"It Might Be Well"

Because these sufferers compared favorably in a numerical sense with the entire membership of the A. F. of L. at that time is probably why they were considered at all. In addition to which may be mentioned as a spur to his fatherly concern the militant presence of some of these migratory workers who were making I. W. W. history. Still, it is characteristic of the man's self-satisfaction that after enumerating in detail the miseries surrounding these workers he arrives at the naive conclusion:

It might be well to establish a Department of the American Federation of Labor in which trade union migratory labor should be enrolled.

With industrial growth positively dynamic the Federation remained static. For purposes of direct comparison scan the next two statements. On April 18, 1899, Gompers testified before an Industrial Commission at Washington in these terms:

For the present it is our purpose to secure better conditions and to instill a larger amount of manhood and independence into the hearts and minds of the workers, and to broaden their mental sphere and the sphere of their affections.

So much of his energy was spent castigating those radical workers he preferred to see as breeders of class hatred that we assume, in the absence of specific objects to the contrary, that he meant broadening the sphere of the workers' affections to include the dear boss. However, in the first part of the remarks we are spared all ambiguity, better conditions being the Holy Grail that he and his tin-armored crusaders were after. Twenty-one years later—in 1920—Gompers in his pamphlet: "Collective Bargaining: Labor's Proposal to Insure Industrial Peace" is still anxious to disavow any revolutionary penchant in his Federation, so he tells us that:

Collective bargaining in industry does not imply that wage earners shall assume control of industry, or responsibility for financial man-

(Continued on page 41.)

The Left Wing in Science

By VERN SMITH

SCIENCE is normally revolutionary; that is why master classes from the beginning of time have been so careful to control it. All the older sciences are pretty well blinded and bridled—even such apparently harmless branches of learning as physics and chemistry are now surrounded by safeguards, and high tuition fees for those who would learn them. The reason, or at least one reason, is that chemists and physicists are likely to be useful both in war and in civil war, and the employing class state wishes to have thoroughly dependable poison gas experts, etc.

The capitalist class itself came into existence with a great flourish of rationalism, with arguments based on astronomy and geology, and directed against the power of religion, because religion was one of the forces that the old landowning feudalism made use of to hold down and subdue peasants, merchants and other such canaille. When capitalism got control of things, religion itself was changed, so as to be no longer in the line of fire. Only the moss-back fundamentalist still insists on the verity of Genesis, taken literally, and that is a reaction from revolution, which other forces are bringing about. So astronomy and geology are no longer dangerous to capitalism. They are controlled, by a capitalistic retreat, a sort of spiritual "Hindenburg Line."

Biology, also used by rationalists to attack such notions as the sudden creation of man, and the virgin birth of Christ, had to be handled differently. Part of the biologists were put to work making better plants and animals. They became cogs and wheels in the capitalist machine—it might not be unfair to say that some of them became cranks. At any rate, a good many did spend a lot of time reconciling science and religion, and some of them spent a lot of time building up arguments, like houses of cards, cheap and showy, but unsubstantial, about the superior germ plasm of the merchant class (the leaders of human society) and the superiority of the white race, and especially of Nordic blood, and its god-given right to rule over all inferior races, including the Celtic, the Italian, the Jewish, and other groups ordinarily called "white" themselves. Capitalism tamed the biologist, and made him an inventor of the materials of commerce and an advocate of imperialism.

"Fixing" the Sciences

So it goes with all the sciences: it requires no long argument to show what happened to economics in capitalistic centers of learning; anthropology is at present in the process of devitalization; mathematics, the most removed from all contact with life of any science, is either harnessed for the engineer, or is hissed into pursuit of shadowy fourth dimensions; geography abandons the human element, and becomes **commercial** geography, the art of extracting rubber and coral from primitive peoples, etc., etc.

Only the youngest of the sciences retain much of the revolutionary punch. Psychology and sociology are making strides ahead, and seem to be veering towards the left, even though capitalism is right ready to be the controlling factor of each. A review of a book of one modern psychologist (ALLPORT: **Social Psychology**) in the November Industrial Pioneer shows how the "suppressed desire" theory of the Freudian school and the "intelligence test" theory of the Behaviorist school have been used as capitalist propaganda. (There may be a good deal of

truth in each of these theories, when methods of investigation based on them are properly applied to the facts in the case, but that is not what the masters want.) But still, modern psychology does so much harm, as a whole, to all conservative ideals and master class religious doctrines, that the only reason that can be given for its present comparative freedom from suppression (as Marxian economics have been suppressed) is the newness of the thing—intelligence stole a march on reaction. Capitalism is not yet sufficiently alarmed to discharge the Scott Nearing of psychology, and they can talk for a while yet.

They can even do more. If you turn a real scientist loose in his chosen field, without oversight from those who pay his salary, you never can tell where he will stray away to. Some stray further than others, they form a "left wing."

Where Some Truth Leaked Out

This has happened. The American Sociological Society held a conference in Chicago, from Dec. 29 to 31, and the left wing was there. It got a chance on the last day of the conference. All the other days were well taken up by safe and sane papers on immigration, income tax, cultural trends, etc. They were well, though sometimes humorously, reported by the capitalist dailies of Chicago. But the last day dealt with race mixture, and with nationalism: i. e., with patriotism either of skin color or local habitat, and this day's discussion was not reported very well by the Chicago dailies. Their silence was actually remarkable. If the sociologists aren't hog tied yet, the Chicago capitalist newspaper editors certainly are.

So it is necessary for the Industrial Pioneer to pay some little attention to this last day's proceedings. If capitalism found it necessary to suppress all mention of it, revolutionists have at least that reason for investigating it a little.

One of the most interesting features to observe was the extent to which sociology had become a refuge for the exiles of other sciences. The discussion was rather more about biology and psychol-

ogy than it was about what we ordinarily understand as sociology. The left wing of the older sciences felt much at home under the protection of the loose and inclusive new science of sociology.

A Wallop at the K. K. K.

The K. K. K., which seemed to have attended in some numbers, sat toward the back and muttered while one scientist after another smashed into the doctrines of "pure" races, "white" supremacy, etc.

L. C. Dunn, of Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, read a paper on "Race Crossing in the Light of Modern Genetics." Dunn lamented the abundance of mis-information on the subject, most of which had its origin in pride and prejudice, and not in scientific investigation. The facts, as far as they are known, seem to indicate that there are no real races, in the sense of something permanent and fixed. What are called races are themselves highly mixed. There was in prehistoric times, skeletons show, a strong infusion of negroid blood into Europe. There is also Mongolian blood in the "white" race. A "white" man, then, is a man with a certain mixture of characteristics, more or less similar to the mixture in other "white" men, and when this white man is crossed with an individual of another race, the hybrid thus produced carries some of these characteristics which show, and some which do not show. His descendants exhibit great variability, greater variability than existed in either of the parent races. The more races there are mixed together, the more possible combinations are there of the characteristics of the parents and the greater the variety among the offspring. The result may be better, or it may be worse, and that all depends on the individuals. That is all there is to that, and it knocks the bottom out of all theories of civilizations collapsing, because the "pure" race which founded them was deteriorated by race mixture. **You have to look to economic conditions to find out why civilizations die.**

E. B. Reuter, of the University of Iowa, who read a paper on "Human Hybrids as A Sociological Type," seemed to be rather of the opinion that hybrids, such as the mulatto in America, were rather better and more able than either of the parents. He pointed out that it was almost the lowest types mentally of each race that mixed, because the others were restrained by conscience and pride, etc. (Nearly all mixed breeds are illegitimate, because of legal restrictions to intermarriage.) Yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the terrible social handicap (the mixed breeds being regarded as inferior, and out-cast) the percentage of great men among mulattoes is far higher than among the purer negroes, and compares very favorably with that of the Southern whites. Anyway, race mixture continues, and we might as well make the best of it.

Difficulty Social, not Racial

Ralph Linton, of the Field Museum, Chicago, emphasized the impossibility of saying which race was least evolved. Older anthropologists and biologists considered it to be the negro, but they argued from

the evidence of skeletons only. The Negro teeth are most like the apes, but the Negro lips are least like the apes of all the human races. Furthermore, in some features, such as hairiness, the white race is most like the ape, etc.; you can't tell which race has evolved most. Culturally, sometimes one race and sometimes another has been superior, and besides, culture or civilization is far more controlled by physical environment than it is by race. What advance could a savage white man have made in a swampy jungle, or on a South Sea island where there was no metal to make use of?

The general consensus of opinion among these sociologists was that (K. K. K. mutterers in the back of the room to the contrary notwithstanding) the so-called racial difficulty was a social difficulty. There are, at certain times and places, master races and slave races, and the masters always claim that they have control because their race is better, essentially more intelligent, etc., though whenever members of the slave race free themselves, or are freed, they begin in a few generations to absorb the civilization of their former masters, and to compete with them on even terms.

"Over-Correction" and Patriotism

It was Handman, of the University of Texas, who closed the discussion and marked the climax. In his paper, "On a Method for the Study of the Phenomenon of Nationalism," he said very little about the method, and presented instead an extraordinarily damaging set of facts against the nationalists. (He could have just as well called them "patriots".)

According to Handman, and based on his preliminary survey of the field, most of the super-nationalists, the noisy ones, the big patriots, are men of a distinct class. They are by profession, before they become politicians, devoted to some artistic or emotional trade. "They are literary men, writers, poets, painters, preachers, or in some other calling where intelligence does not count." In Europe, a number of the chauvinists are lawyers and architects. But in Europe, a large number of the legal lights devote themselves to pleading before juries, not to framing up the cases. They are orators, and not, as in America, the clever practical men who bribe the witnesses, and their gifts are emotional, dramatic, and not intellectual. The same is true of the architects. In America they are something like civil engineers, sometimes they are contractors, but in Europe they are dreamers and painters, artistic and not scientific.

Furthermore, most professional jingoes are of a peculiar physical type, or at least have certain common traits, physically, different from those of most other men. They are usually small in stature, though sometimes thick-set. A short, thick-set man smarts under the indignity of his mediocre height, but is not actually weak or lacking in energy, and frequently sets out to be a leader, just to get even. Most rabid nationalists have eye, ear, nose or throat defects, which they ordinarily hide—and are very sensitive about. Their determination to occupy a

prominent position is then what is called by the psychologists, "over-correction."

This same "over-correction" pervades all their writings and speeches. Some lingering feeling of inferiority causes them, in rebellion against it, to exalt their race, their family, their nation; causes them to praise the group to which they belong, and to conceal all its defects, and causes them at the same time to belittle, condemn and abuse all other races, groups and especially nations. According to Handman the nationalist attitude is represented by the vicious anti-negro prejudice in the "poor white trash." Men who feel themselves inferior absolutely must, for their own mental satisfaction, have some dog to kick—have some other men around to whom they can feel superior.

A certain famous French nationalist was selected by Handman as an illustration. He is extremely nearsighted, weak and irritable. He lived his early years in a boy's boarding school, where he was ill treated by the other lads, and where his whole sensitive nature, which desired love and glory, was thwarted. He shows in his writing that he delights in "fortunate young men," whom he almost worships, that he has a poetic and sentimental longing for love, voluptuousness, blood and death, this longing amounting almost to a psychopathic degree at times.

With all his social ambitions and his affectionate nature suppressed, this unfortunate individual had to become some kind of a leader, had to espouse some sort of a cause, and the cause, which in the beginning, perhaps, might have been any cause, or several in succession, was finally set for him by his environment. He was born in French Lorraine, near the German border, and shared the prevailing desire for revenge against the Germans. He became the leader of the anti-Teutonic crusade, and did his share to whip up national feeling for the great war.

Handman's theory may not be proved, but it is, at least on casual investigation, confirmed by facts. Think of Mussolini—short, wild eyed (astigmatism?), a leader of any old cause that lets him be leader: first, Socialist; then, army officer; then, Fascist. Think of Lloyd George. Think of Roosevelt, the weak, helpless boy, not expected to live.

Reversing Inferiority Complex Guns

The beauty (to a radical) of Handman's argument is that it is the complete reversal of the gibe so often thrown up to the Reds—"You are inferior, you are failures, so you want to be leaders of some cause. Your radicalism comes from a sense of your own shortcomings, which makes you not quite sane." Let those who have been firing this hot shot at us, dodge it for a while themselves now. Handman has swung their big gun right around on its base and pointed it back at the gun crew.

I think that we will some day have to acknowledge that the truth is about like this: There are these emotional, "inferiority complex" radicals. These are sentimental leaders of causes, whose main driving force is toothache, or nearsightedness, or

deafness, or something like that. The emotional nature of these people makes them able and convincing propagandists, whatever cause they espouse. They are prone to change the cause. They have the martyr attitude towards everything, but they also have the will to rule. Most of them, when they cannot rule, and do not find some other phase of work where they can attract attention, will gladly destroy the very organization they would have died for, a short time before. They take a desperately personal and intense attitude towards everything. They are cruel and unreasonable—they are the fanatics. You will find them in every sort of movement, but most of them are on the side of some conservative force, necessarily, because there they find the most followers with the least effort. They lead the Ku Klux Klan, and the Fascisti, and all these Red-hunting societies, wherever the latter are not purely stoolpigeon, private detective organizations. Of course they stand to the front in churches, vice clean-ups, and every sort of puritanical crusade. During war time they are four-minute-speakers, and Liberty bond salesmen.

Capitalism is clever enough to use these people. When they get off the track, they are ruthlessly suppressed, but usually a little tact, a little praise and a little guidance by the man with money who stays behind the scenes, keeps them traveling in ways that please employers.

When they appear in radical organizations, they are a problem almost never understood by the rank and file with whom they deal, and they usually end by being pitched out, to the great loss of the movement, for they have their place, though it is not that of leaders. In both cases, such "inferiority complex" persons are attached to the movement, and are not the movement. Handman will be as unable to prove that nationalism is the product of nearsightedness, as Parker was unable to prove that the I. W. W. is the result of bad teeth. Social organizations are the result of economic forces and of inventions of a purely material nature.

But what you or I think about Handman's theory, has nothing to do with the fact that it is going to be a very disagreeable surprise to some of these masters of industry and their great statesmen, one of these times. Sociology is going to have some trouble with the authorities if it goes on in the direction it is now headed.

Industrial Solidarity

I. W. W. Official Organ

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Centralia — In 1925

By GEORGE MORESBY

FIVE years have passed since the Armistice Day tragedy of 1919 in Washington State, and the Centralia defendants are still in prison. Life behind the bars breaks men; it is no secret that some of the Centralia victims in Walla Walla have been broken by the long years of cage and routine and isolation from their families and the world of men. There is no question that the weight of prison existence presses down harder upon the innocent than upon him who is guilty of crime. The guilty man may become resigned to his fate, may become philosophic, viewing his penitentiary sentence as compensation to society for his offense; but the innocent prisoner can never become resigned; each day his resentment against the injustice done him multiplies within his being, tearing at his heart.

Onlookers in the Northwest who are familiar with the history of the Centralia case are speculating as to what Governor-elect Roland H. Hartley will do about it. Only to the governor's office can one look for liberation of the seven who are serving 25 to 40 years; the courts are through with the affair, the supreme tribunal having affirmed the procedure of the trial court. The governor has power to act also in the case of Loren Roberts, who was found "insane and irresponsible" by the jury in the same case, but who, after a short while in Steilacoom insane hospital, was transferred to the prison at Walla Walla. It is understood that friends of Roberts have asked that his mental faculties be re-examined, in the belief that his sanity has been restored; and that if this belief be founded on fact, the liberation of Roberts would not be a danger to himself nor to anyone else.

Undeniably this case is a live social issue in Washington State, a delicate matter. Hartley's attitude toward the I. W. W. as an employer is well known; he doesn't like the Wobblies, and has never taken any pains to conceal it. But his attitude toward the Centralia case as governor is not known. It has never been tested; and there are persons who have been close to the new executive who say that conceivably the two attitudes may be quite at variance.

What Will the Governor Do?

As an employer Hartley had only his own background as an employer and private citizen to guide him in considering the "problem" presented by the Industrial Workers of the World. As governor, when the Centralia case looms before him, it is fair to presume that he must take a broader view of the situation, must look at it from many angles.

Logically, it was vain ever to hope that Louis Hart, who has just retired as governor, would commute the sentences of the industrial unionists who were accused of conspiring to murder Lieut. Warren Grimm and who were found guilty of unpremeditated murder. For Hart played an active and conscious part in railroading those men to prison. He sent the troops into an orderly trial town when the prosecution's case was weakening, sent those troops at the prosecution's request without consulting either the trial judge or the sheriff, neither of whom knew

of that request; both judge and sheriff declared there was no need for soldiers, but the soldiers remained on the ground until the end of the trial, drilling within sight of the jury. And the jurors were led to believe, according to an affidavit from one of their number, that the soldiers had been brought in to protect them from a thousand or more I. W. W.'s alleged to be in hiding in the woods near Montesano, where the case was tried. It is clear from this and other jurors' affidavits that the jury was terrorized into returning a verdict of guilty.

Afterward, Governor Hart sent a letter to the *Atlantic Monthly* in which he misrepresented the facts in the case. This was in reply to an article by a soldier who declared that he had visited the Centralia territory and had become convinced that there were two sides to the story of the Armistice Day affair.

So no matter how much evidence might have been presented to Hart—and ample documentary proof of the innocence of the Centralia defendants was offered to him—he could steadfastly stand on the verdict of the court, and let the unionists stay behind the bars. He could parole actual murderers with wealthy relatives in the final month of his incumbency, and let the newspapers say what they liked. But for Hart to have freed the Centralia victims would have been too much of an admission



The Troops Were Brought to Courthouse to Help Convict Our Men, by Creating "Atmosphere."

that a social wrong had been done by the executive and judicial machinery of the state.

Hartley, however, has had no connection with this case. During his campaign for the governorship (his third) he declared in numerous speeches his friendship for labor, and that he believed in a "square deal for labor." Now that he has achieved his ambition of years, the eyes of the people of Washington are upon him, and the great bulk of those people are wage-workers. Thousands of them know that the trial of the Centralia defendants at Montesano in 1920 was not just an ordinary murder trial, but was a labor case, a turning point in the social struggle. And thousands of them know of the jurors' affidavits, and of the other affidavits from eye-witnesses who swear that they saw uniformed marchers from the Armistice Day parade attack the I. W. W. hall in Centralia before any shots were fired, and that Lieut. Warren Grimm was in the forefront of that attack, and was one of those who battered in the double front door.

Evidence to Prove I. W. W.'s Innocent

There is reason to except that in the near future new and vital evidence in favor of these defendants will be forthcoming, in addition to the mass of evidence already uncovered to prove that they were entirely innocent, and that the killing of Warren Grimm was provoked by a deliberately planned attack upon the Wobbly hall.

Seven jurors have already made affidavits expressing their belief that all of the men they convicted at Montesano ought to be let out of prison. These affidavits show clearly that the verdict was a compromise; that some of the jurors were in fear of their lives; that some believed that if they acquitted the accused defendants lynching would follow, and if they disagreed, another jury might hang innocent men; that it was understood that a second-degree murder verdict would mean imprisonment for from five to fifteen years; that some of the jurors were surprised and shocked when Judge John M. Wilson ignored the jury's unanimous plea for leniency and gave the convicted men the maximum sentence.

Thirteen important affidavits favoring the defense have been obtained since June 1, 1924. Each has its own special significance. One is that of Juror Samuel Johnson, one of the seven mentioned above. Johnson declared that he would be glad to join in any petition to the governor for the commutation of the sentences of the men in Walla Walla. He says that "in signing the jury's plea for leniency I acted upon the conviction, gained from hearing all the evidence in the trial, (and it is still my conviction), that there was a definite plan among certain business men in Centralia to raid the I. W. W. hall on Armistice Day, 1919, and to drive the 'Wobblies' out of town. It was clear to me that the I. W. W. members, in arming themselves on that day, were actuated by the well-grounded belief that their hall was to be raided."

The other twelve affidavits are summarized as follows:

1. **P. M. CRINION**, retired property owner, Centralia, stood about 160 feet from I. W. W. hall doorway. Saw two soldiers run toward that door; first was Lieut. Warren Grimm, whom Crinion knew well by sight. Grimm battered at door with feet and elbows. The other smashed a window with elbows. As soon as Grimm and the other had broken in the door and window respectively, numerous shots sounded. Crinion saw Grimm clutch at his stomach and stagger southwards. Had good view of Grimm's face as he came along Tower avenue; Grimm turned corner of Co-operative Store, and went down in a heap a few feet further on. Crinion told these facts to Special Prosecutor C. D. Cunningham two days after tragedy, but was never put on witness stand by prosecution.

2. **CECIL DE WITTE**, high school student, Centralia. Dismissed early from school on Armistice Day, 1919, he went with other students to City Park, where parade was forming. Here he heard boys saying there was going to be a raid on I. W. W. hall. With others, he hurried to vicinity of hall. When parade came along, Cecil De Witte was standing in front of I. W. W. hall, about five feet north of doorway and close to north window. Centralia division of soldiers stopped in front of hall on return trip. Lieut. Cormier, in command, blew whistle. Four or five soldiers ran toward hall. Three were close to door, and kicked door. While they were doing this, shooting started. Cecil saw Lieut. Grimm back out of doorway, wounded, holding hands over abdomen.

3. **CLYDE DE WITTE**, grammar school student, Centralia, brother of Cecil. Clyde stood on sidewalk at northwest corner of Second and Tower avenue, about 90 feet from I. W. W. hall, while parade passed. Centralia soldiers stopped. Man on horse blew whistle. Several soldiers ran toward hall, and pounded against front of building. Then Clyde heard a lot of shots and went around the corner into Second street, out of danger. Clyde had seen Grimm many times; swears he is certain that Grimm was not near the corner of Tower avenue and Second street, when hall was attacked and when first shots were fired.

4. **R. F. HARE**, of Skykomish, Washington, member of Officers' Reserve Corps of U. S. Army, and for 22 years in active service in regular army. Former quartermaster at Camp

McClellan, Ala. Went to Vancouver, Wash., early in November, 1919, to be mustered out. On or about November 3, 1919, Hare and Charles Krick, another quartermaster, were in lobby of the local hotel in Vancouver. They talked with two men, middle-aged, who evidently had lately come from Centralia.

Discussed lumber strike, Legion activities, I. W. W., law and order, and kindred topics. One of the strangers said that Centralia was going to get rid of the Wobblies, that they would be driven out on Armistice Day. The other stranger disagreed, saying the I. W. W. had a right to hold meetings so long as it didn't violate law. Animated discussion. Krick and Hare contended the matter was up to the authorities, that the laws were clear, and that order and legal methods should prevail. Then the first stranger switched to other topics.

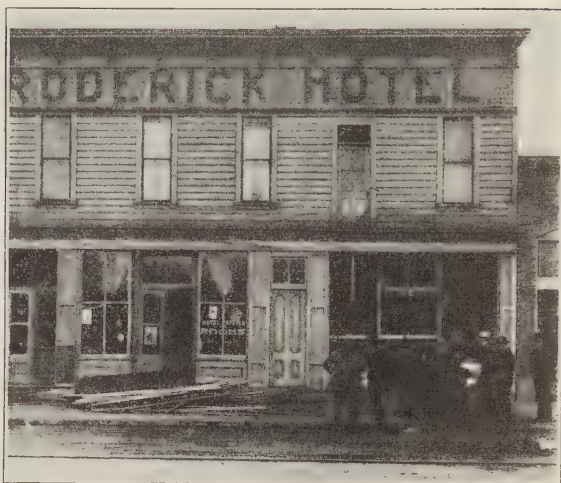
5. FLORENCE CASAGRADA MAHAR, widow of Ben Casagrande, slain Legionnaire. Resides in Centralia. On Armistice Day, 1919, while Casagrande was putting on uniform to march in parade, he asked his wife to put on his belt for him, saying: "This may be the last time you will do this for me." She said she wasn't going to watch the parade, that she didn't feel well. He urged her to go, saying: "This may be the last time you will see me." Afterward, she became worried, and finally decided to go downtown and ask her husband not to march in the parade. But when she got downtown it was too late. He was in the march.

6. ALLEN MAYNARD, former member of the Engineers' Force of the U. S. Navy. Resides in Chehalis. In November, 1919, was a student at Centralia high school. Followed procession northward on Tower avenue to Avalon hotel. There he met a friend, Bob Gavin, who was rooming at the Avalon, and stopped to talk with him. Saw paraders march northward to Third street, and turn back. One of the Centralia ex-service men carried small coil of rope.

Shortly after Centralia division halted in front of I. W. W. hall on return trip, Maynard heard whistle, somebody yelled, and then some of the Centralia soldiers left the lines and rushed the hall. It was after this that shots were fired. Maynard heard no shots fired in vicinity of Avalon hotel. His hearing has always been good. Several seconds after the shooting began Maynard saw Lieut. Grimm coming from the direction of the I. W. W. hall. He was about 25 feet north of the corner of the Co-operative Store, and was holding his stomach as if suffering great pain. He came southward, staggered, and turned westward into Second street. Maynard knew Grimm well.

7. FLOYD BOND, resident of Napavine, Washington. Worked in Moore Brothers' cafe in Centralia for three months previous to November 9, 1919. Declares that John Moore, one of the Moore brothers, almost daily criticized Industrial Workers of the World, and on several occasions contended that the I. W. W.'s ought to be and would be driven from Centralia. About two weeks before Armistice Day, 1919, Bond heard John Moore say that trouble was brewing, and that the I. W. W.'s were going to be driven out of Centralia.

8. ELSIE HORNBACK SHERLIE, witness for the prosecution. Resides at Leham, Washington. She was bookkeeper in garage across



I. W. W. HALL WRECKED BY PARADERS
In the Vicinity of This Doorway Grimm, Casagrande and McElfresh Were Killed While Trying to Rush the Doors

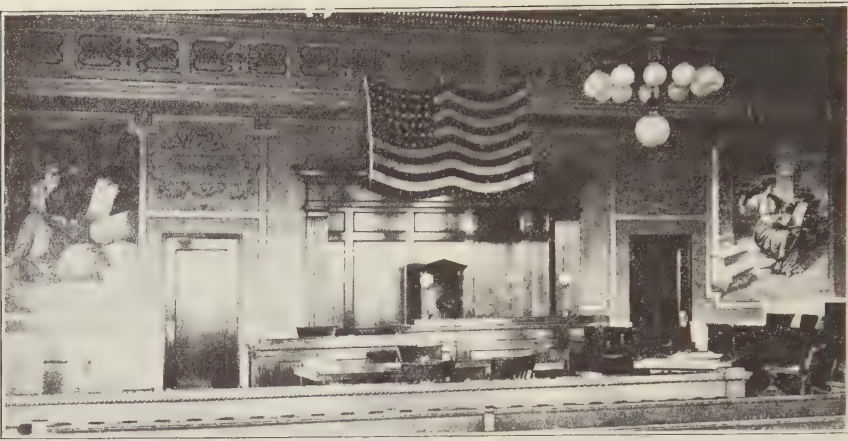
the street from Avalon hotel. Her "identification" of Eugene Barnett as man she saw with a gun in Avalon window during the rioting was the principal factor in convicting Barnett. She declares that she never intended to identify Barnett **positively** as the man with the gun.

At one point in her testimony, after she had faced a long cross-examination, she was asked: "Will you say on your oath, knowing the importance of this thing, that your oath means life or death, that in your opinion this is the man?" To this question she answered "Yes." But she explains that she thought that the words "**in your opinion**" saved her from making a positive identification, and that her answer was simply an expression of opinion. And she points out (a copy of her testimony being before her when she made the affidavit) that repeatedly during her testimony she had declared she could not positively identify Barnett as the gunman, but could only say that the general appearance of the two was the same.

"If it is a fact that my testimony was the principal factor in sending Barnett to prison," she says in her statement, "I feel that his imprisonment was a grave injustice."

9. E. E. SWEITZER, juror in the trial of the Centralia defendants. Resides at Oakville, Washington. Declares that Elsie Hornback Sherlie's testimony was the main argument of those jurors who sought to convict Barnett. (Two defense witnesses swore that Barnett was in the lobby of the Roderick hotel all during the shooting, and was unarmed. These witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McAllister, proprietors of the Roderick). Time after time those jurors said: "But Elsie Hornback said she saw Barnett with a gun in the Avalon window."

10. PERCY DRAPER, member of army for four years. Resides in Centralia. On afternoon of November 11, 1919, he and A. L. Shawver were crating furniture in a house a few blocks west of I. W. W. hall. Some time after 2 p. m. he observed several ex-service men running in the street outside. One by one, four of them shouted to him, asking if he had a gun. The first was Attorney C. D. Cunning-



COURTROOM WHERE JUDICIAL MURDER WAS ATTEMPTED

Here was enacted a mockery on justice that did not succeed in hanging eight innocent men, but that did railroad them to the Walla Walla Penitentiary to serve from 25 to 40 years.

ham (later special prosecutor in this case); the second a man Draper cannot identify; the third, Hobart Whitford, and the fourth Harold Genge. To each Draper said no, he had no gun, and of each he asked: "What is the trouble?" The first three did not answer. But Genge answered: "Why, we raided the Wobbly hall and they killed Grimm and McElfresh!" Genge was a member of the same company with Percy Draper during the last several months of the latter's army service.

11. CECIL DRAPER, (brother of Percy), member of army five years; was ten months in France. On evening of November 11, 1919, he talked with Eldon Roberts in front of Prigmore and Sears' drugstore in Centralia. Roberts was a marcher in the parade that day; is now a dentist in Olympia, Wash. They discussed the tragedy. Roberts said that McElfresh started toward the I. W. W. hall with a message (an oral one, evidently) when the parade had halted. He got half-way there, and somebody yelled: "Let's go!" Then Roberts ran toward hall, and reached doorway about the same time as McElfresh. The two pushed the door and got it open about three inches. Roberts looked through the opening and saw men lined up with guns inside. They started to shoot. Roberts ran to the corner of the One-Cent-One-Dollar store, adjacent to the I. W. W. hall on the north, and was just turning the corner when McElfresh fell into his arms.

Cecil Draper also takes oath that about a week before Armistice Day, 1919, he was in the Northern Pacific switchmen's shack in Centralia railroad yards, and was present when Archie Jones, switchman, declared that he had attended a meeting in Elks Hall on the night of October 20, that at that meeting a committee was formed to get the names of all I. W. W. members in Centralia, so that they could be rounded up; that Jones was appointed to serve on that committee, but refused, whereupon F. B. Hubbard, lumber magnate, who had instigated the movement to drive the I. W. W. out of town, got up and told Jones he was yellow.

12. PETER MCCARTIN, entered U. S. Army as volunteer on April 9, 1917. Disabled veteran. Honorably discharged. On November 8, 1919, he was in Spokane, Washington, jobless, and with the soles of his shoes worn through. Had only 25 cents; stepped into Nims' Cafe on Main street to spend it. Saw an army captain sitting at a table. The captain hailed him. Talked about army service. Finally asked McCartin to go to Centralia and march on Armistice Day; explained that "We're going to raise hell down there—going to run the Wobblies out and make America safe for the boys. I've got a big car outside and I'll take you down and pay all your expenses." But McCartin refused to go, saying he thought it was a poor idea to hide behind the American flag and the uniform when such work was done.

In a recent letter to the General Defense Committee, Mrs. Eugene Barnett complains that not enough emphasis has been placed upon the fact that her husband took no part in the defense of the I. W. W. hall in Centralia. This point was made clear in many news stories during and since the trial, and in the pamphlets "Was It Murder?" and "Eight Men Buried Alive." But it is worth repeating that two witnesses, Mr. and Mrs. John McAllister, proprietors of the Roderick hotel, took oath that he was in the lobby of that hotel all during the rioting and was unarmed.

The jury's first verdict found Barnett guilty and John Lamb guilty of "third degree murder," and the other five guilty of second degree murder. But inasmuch as no such crime as murder in the third degree was defined in the statutes, the judge sent the jurors out to reconsider; and presently they returned, finding all seven men guilty of murder in the second degree. This verdict was a direct contradiction of the conspiracy-to-murder charge, since second degree murder means **unpremeditated** murder, and if there was no premeditation there couldn't have been any conspiracy.



UNORGANIZED

WITH THE WORLD ON ITS BACK

LABOR



ORGANIZED

AND ON TOP OF THE WORLD

VANDILMAN
124

What Freedom Means to Us

By PETRUS

Hardly any of us believe that the prison gates will swing open for our fellow workers simply because a small group of the toilers in this land lay down their tools for a few days or weeks. But no one who has closely studied industrial conditions in the United States doubts that by repeated attacks on the industrial field we will succeed in gaining liberty for our men in prison as well as for ourselves. We do not fool ourselves by imagining that we possess more strength than we really have. We know that numerically we are only a pitifully small minority of the American working class and that many millions must be added to our numbers before we become the commanding factor in the social life of America and the world. But we also know that, being aware of our actual strength and using this power wisely, we can still accomplish much and only through action can we gain that greater strength we need.

Few of us really comprehend the greatness of the task before us. Most of us are generally apt to look upon the I. W. W. as a labor union pure and simple whose main function is to secure a better existence for the toiling masses under the present form of society. And perhaps it is well that such is the case. If we neglected our everyday struggle and concentrated on our ultimate aim—the abolishment of the wage system—there is danger that we should become nothing but a lot of speculating philosophers and lose the great strength our practical activity on the job gives us. Nevertheless, in order to understand somewhat the gigantic task before us and the responsibility resting upon each and every one of our members if we are to live up to the principles and ideals embodied in our Preamble, it might be well at least to make an attempt to sketch out broadly the work before us. This is so much the more important as, if understood correctly, it can not but stimulate our activity on the job.

There are two main factors to note in the world labor movement of today. The first is, "That we stand at the beginning of a world-wide revolution, the greatest yet experienced by mankind." The second, "That only through Revolutionary Industrial Unionism can Labor accomplish its emancipation."

Many revolutions have shaken the world in historic times and probably as many, or more, before the art of writing existed to record the facts. We have seen the exploitation of the toiling masses change form many times since the day when the

gens or the tribes owned the necessities of life in common. This time is referred to as primitive communism. Chattel slavery prevailed for at least a thousand years, during which time the builders of society, the manual laborers, were chained to the fields and even the mental progress of these generations was dependent almost entirely upon slave labor.

Through tireless struggles, strikes and revolts, the rebels of that time finally succeeded in gaining some small amount of freedom. Chattel slavery

was abolished and on its ruins grew up the feudal system under which the slave of yesterday at least gained that much that he was considered a human being.

Feudalism, under which the toiler, the serf, was half slave and half free, gave way to the capitalist system of this era, under which the worker is entirely a slave and entirely a free man; slave in so far as he is absolutely compelled to find a master who is willing to buy his laboring power; free in so far as he can refuse to sell his laboring power and become either a beggar, a thief, or starve to death.

During all these centuries, at least three thousand years, and during all the various forms of society that have existed, one principle has governed them all; the principle of private ownership of the means of production. All the revolutions that have taken place, yes, even included the late Russian Revolution, have proven themselves to be nothing but a change of form in the process of exploitation; a new set of rulers applying a more efficient form of carrying on production and establishing a form of government corresponding to this new mode of production and allowing for a more rational method of exploitation. To end this age-long process of slavery in one form or another, to secure the earth and all the means of production for its users, the workers, is the task before us, and through industrial unionism as taught by the Industrial Workers of the World we can do it and through that method alone.

Industry Shakes Government

Governments have always shaped themselves according to existing economic and industrial conditions. The slave, whether chattel slave, serf slave, or wage slave, has never concerned himself with the government except in so far as it has had a direct bearing upon his material welfare. And the ruling class has never governed for any other reason, either. Even today, although we have had centuries of lectures, writings and campaigning in politics, one never notices a worker whose first interest is in regard to the government. When you hear a workingman inquire about a state or a city, be it even Barbaric California, you don't begin to answer him with a lot of information as to the state laws, the city ordinances or the personality of the officials. On the contrary, you begin to tell him about the jobs available, the opportunity to secure employment, the wages paid, and the cost of living, and that is exactly what he wants to know. Yes, even the many millions of toilers from foreign countries who have entered the United States came here not on account of the liberties presumed to exist here, but because "wages are high and employment easily obtainable." The foreigners' "Statue of Liberty" is built in their imagination on this side of the Castle Garden of New York and based upon "high wages, plenty of jobs." To ninety-nine per cent of the immigrants the Declaration of Independence is as strange as a Latin mass and it is almost as unknown to the native born wage slave also.

The industrial form of government which the I. W. W. predicts and advocates will come whether we want it or not. In fact it is almost here already. American financiers through the Standard Oil and the French and United States governments and the British financiers through the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Company and the British government are playing world politics in oil, dividing up nations and enacting laws for millions of people living thousands of miles distant. When the boards of directors of the Standard Oil, the Shell Company, the steel trust, the beef trust, etc., meet and decide to make a 10 per cent cut in wages for their employes they govern people under every flag on the face of the globe. They compel millions of people in Asia Minor, Mexico, China, Europe and the United States to sink down to a lower standard of living. When the Big Five packers in Chicago advance the price of meat a few cents they levy a tax upon every man, woman and child in the whole civilized world. And the governments stand helpless because the governments are their governments, organized for the specific purpose of facilitating an expedient and rational form of exploitation. When the sugar trust of the United States manipulates the price of sugar so as to place it out of reach of the working people the government has no other remedy to offer than boycott. **Boycott the necessities of life! Good God! Our masters are forcing such boycotts on us every day and have done so for ages.**

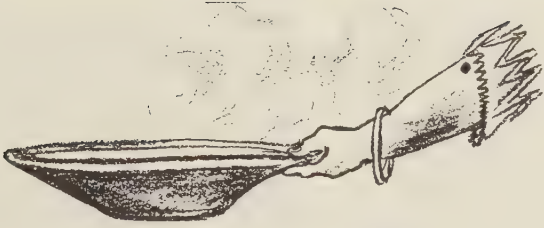
Efficiency of Exploitation

But industrial form of government is one thing; "The Commonwealth of Toil" another. The former comes to us as a natural product due to development on the industrial field, the changing mode of production, while the latter must be won by the workers through their organized power. And because our real government, that power which rules and dictates to us, is industrial in its nature although yet to some extent camouflaged under the name of politics, Industrial Unionism naturally appears. Although the government changes form, becomes industrial instead of political, that does not signify that exploitation ceases. On the contrary, the only reason why the political government of Washington is giving way to the industrial government of Wall Street is because the latter is a more efficient form of exploitation. Just as chattel slavery had to give way to feudalism and feudalism to wage slavery for economic reasons and no others, so must today's political governments, handicapped as they are by the many imaginary national boundary lines, give way to the industrial government of the World Trust and World Financiers. Unless we organize ourselves sufficiently strongly to take possession of the trust, become the rulers in this new form of society, we will enter into a worse slavery than we have endured under our present form of society, because industrial government is a far more efficient form of exploitation.

The strike which began on April 26, 1923, is significant because it is probably the first strike in

(Continued on Page 37)

Mission Soup



By

JAMES A. MacDONALD



In view of the universality of that incomparable bourgeois first aid—soup—it is a stinging rebuke to society's rulers that they have allowed all the soupy years to save them without even thinking of recording their debt to that matchless solvent of social ills—strong H₂O and flesh or vegetable flavoring. At last the crusade for tardily expiating this ingratitude has started, and the thought, even as all material products, comes from the workers.

JUST a moment while I scratch myself reminiscently. Now to guard the reader. The subject of this article is not mission soap but soup. A great mistake can be made by not noticing small things. The "U" is of the utmost importance, because there does not seem to be any such thing as mission soap, while mission soup is a great social institution, the value of which is not sufficiently recognized. Soap may be valuable as a civilizer, but now that we are civilized, what we need is more soup, not soap.

The value of mission soup to society is not appreciated at the present time. Writers have neglected it, poets have passed it by. Yet the proud edifice of our civilization, the palladium of our liberties, the noble culture which mankind has achieved, the high dignity of our houses of prostitution, of our bread lines, and all our other blessed institutions would not long endure were it not for the lubrication of mission soup. Even the machinery of so perfect a system as capitalism must be oiled to keep running, and mission soup furnishes the all important grease.

Writers and poets have been recreant to their duties. As the result our society is not sufficiently aware of the debt of gratitude it owes to the great master mind who first designed mission soup as the cure for unemployment, who first mixed a great deal of weak religion with a small number of cabbages, small quantities of flour and vast volumes of water as a solution for all the evils of our present

inequalities, for all the crimes and vices which afflict humanity. Writers and poets have dealt with the civilizing influences of bombs, poison gases and explosives. This is now generally recognized by our leaders of thought. But they have forgotten that peace also has its victories, its heroes and benefactors. Then why not alongside the killers shown in inartistic marble in our city square a monument to

that great hero who first recognized in soup the cure for all social ills? Society will never have recognized its really great benefactors until there is such a monument. There is a crying need for such a monument. I have ambitions that this article should lead to such a great reform, that our present society be not accused of partiality and ingratitude. I hope our government, our civic organizations, our K. K. K.'s and other upholders and leaders of human thought will cooperate and help to point the way to a recognition of soup as one of the underlying forces that make for a continuation of things as they are in this best of all worlds.

I am certain that the monuments to the great soup benefactors of humanity would have been erected long ago were it not for difficulties that lay in the way. The material that would be suitably used in such monuments had not been thought of.

Soup was in no way the fitting material. It was so thin that it got cowardly and ran when an endeavor was made to make a monument out of it. Then there was the objection—a great one—that it caused such a stench that it would nauseate our patrician lords and lordesses, dukes and duchesses, and pukes and pukesses. Even antiseptic would be of no avail, and of course all smells should be kept in the working class sections where they belong. Soup was out of the question as a material for the monument.

Stale Bread Symbolism

But I claim as an original discovery the finding of the proper material. I am not claiming a monument, although as the politician would say, "I leave this matter in the hands of my fellow citizens." The material is stale bread, which will always suggest mission soup, just as coffee an' suggests doughnuts. This material is symbolic, and symbolism has a great appeal. Here is a material with the hardness of marble, that could be moulded into the required shape under extreme hydraulic pressure. Those who are continually taking the joy out of life might object that there are so many hungry that they would eat the monument. They do not know the tensile strain which this material is able to withstand. One cannot deny that hunger exists—our noble civilization could not endure without it—but eating such a monument would be out of the question. Some might endeavor such an act of vandalism but they would leave their teeth in the monument, and the enamel of the human teeth is extremely hard and durable. Here is an advantage. After the city fathers had arranged with the city grandmothers to treat the monument with pepsodent (advertisement not paid for) and for a daily brushing of its teeth, it would glisten in the sunlight to prove to the world that our present social system is not so ungrateful to those who perpetuate it.

Another great advantage would be that those subversive forces in our present society which are ungrateful for what has been done for them, would not be in a position to attack our great and noble system, without being accused of insanity. For instance, in most of the cities there are cenotaphs in

honor of those who gave their lives to make the world as safe for democracy as it is at the present time. In spite of the honors that have been paid to them, I have heard radical ex-soldiers of the great war say that they had asked for bread and been given a stone. Such carping critics, who would rather eat than have democracy, would be silenced if alongside their stone there would be a monument of bread in the city square. The way to deal with such ingrates is as they have been dealt with in the past, make them think they are getting something, but give them nothing. We might even have walks and fences around the monument made of doughnuts and snails, such as one occasionally finds at missions. Here is a method of getting more teeth for decorative purposes. So many persons have teeth who have no need for them. When this is done, with a monument in honor of the dead in the war that ended war, and another monument of bread for the inventor of soup, every city square would be an argument against discontent, and open the eyes of those who are blinded by radicalism to the wonders of the present system.

The Great Soup Civilization

The great social reform in which all the hundred percenters, the great modern crusaders in night gowns, and the various fraternities should cooperate would have been carried through long ago and the monuments would now decorate the square of every city on this continent were it not that they do not know the social value of soup and the need for the monument which it is the purpose of this article to emphasize. They live in another world, and either they should be brought to the mission, and the soup lines, or the missions and the soup lines should be brought to them.

If our politicians, our great capitalists, our fraternal organizations to continue our noble system, would patronize the missions for one week, and learn the value of soup, they would recognize the need for the reform and monument I advocate. It is true that their wives might object—the clothes I wore in my study for the preservation of the present system, are still in the woodshed, and I had a narrow escape from having to sleep there myself. But great social reforms demand sacrifices. I believe that all those who give lip-and-mouth service to our present order, should be willing to give their hides to a sane social advancement, especially as it is necessary to the preservation of our glorious democracy and liberties. My experiences are given because it may lead a sufficient number of the preservers of things as they are to follow in my footsteps. What is a kick from an outraged stomach, or a few vermin, or a dental bill in comparison with the perpetuation of our great system—"the grandest in all the history of the world"?

The continuation of the present system must be the work of the beneficiaries of the present system. I know all of us object to work, but we must do our duty. The rulers of society must lead in the glorification of charity—we must be willing to make sac-

rifices. It must not be left to the workers; if soup is not made a topic of eulogy, and monuments are not built to it, the workers might decide to destroy the present system so they could eat. I call the rulers of the world to a great crusade not to ennoble charity, not to increase charity, but to make it seem noble and to make the rabble think they are eating when they are merely irrigating their stomachs. He who does not follow is recreant to his trust, a foe to society.

How I Missed the War

When through one of those researches which I am continually making of the present system, I discovered that three hundred or more were being given what we are pleased to call **refreshments** because the word is less vulgar than **meal**, at the city mission in Vancouver, I said, here is our present system functioning nobly. I had missed the world war because a beneficent government would not permit me to be a spectator—many capitalists were in the same position. They were anxious to wipe Germany off the map, but the government needed them at home so much that they could not go, although of course that was their wish. I was denied seeing a war for democracy, but I decided that I would not miss seeing that democracy, which had been won, in operation. I was billed to speak on Freedom, but secured a substitute that I might see freedom in operation.

It is proper that one should dress fittingly on great occasions. I put on clothing which had been furnished to me by the great government of the United States for distinguished service in the face of the enemy, at the same time that I was given a certificate with a great seal on it showing six years' service for democracy, signed by no less than the great president of the United States who was later vanquished in a conflict with a crab. I decided that I would leave my medals at home, although there is one of them to which I am extremely partial, which shows three mystic letters representing human liberty over a world. But I did not wish to be conspicuous. For one night at least I was to be part of the greatest army in America, and the most necessary to our present system, the army of the unemployed.

I arrived at the mission at eight, and found it packed, which shows the wonderful pulling power of religion on certain of the unemployed. They were singing "Where is my wandering boy tonight?", a song of which I did not approve because it puts bad thoughts into the minds of men, of why those boys were wandering—thoughts that might lead to radicalism. Then there were other songs. Songs which could be thoroughly approved for there was lots of blood in them, as was fitting, considering that those present were part of an army of eight million on this continent—an army that society must keep satisfied with soup, or it is doomed.

Instructing the Almighty

Then a man on the rostrum got up and told God how he should run the world, and the things that he had been remiss in attending to, and things that he had evidently forgotten, or did not know, as the man

in the mission had been too busy to tell him about them. Evidently God had to be told a great many things and the world would go to wreck and ruin if the man with his eyes closed had not told God about them, and what should be done in the emergency. He talked loud, because it was not a private conversation and his voice had to reach such a long way, and long, because he had so many instructions to give God. In fact, there was a wailing reproof in his voice when he told God of other things that were wrong in the world, but he did not suggest remedies for them. This is to be approved. It would not do to tell God that the I. W. W. had the cure for them, with others listening to the man on the rostrum give God orders. Then when he had told God everything that could not wait for a private conversation, and when I expected him to ask God for a raise in wages as one of his secret service, he stopped.

But the refreshments were further delayed. This was a good idea, because the longer they were postponed the more those present would appreciate them. There were more songs.

Singing for Soup

During the prayer I kept my eyes partly open to what was happening. I saw a man immediately in front of me, who was looking at me as if he thought he knew me, but was not certain. He had been attending some of my speeches on freedom and democracy and of course I knew him. A few weeks before he had told me that he could take care of himself, that no organization was necessary for him, and I wondered what he was doing here, unless he was here as a man of money, seeing how well charity served his purpose of deadening the bodies and stultifying the brains of those who could not get along without organization, and who yet had none. He could not be there for the "refreshments." He did not look prosperous, his cheeks were lined, in his face and in his eyes was the look that comes of low wages and low living. But then one can hide a million dollars in his vest pocket, but not a patch on the seat of his trousers. When he got up to sing "Nearer my God to Thee," I saw that he did not have the patch. But I also saw that he needed the patch and soap for the portions of skin that were visible. I could see that and more. Wonderful is the deceit which our system is able to use on the workers to avoid organization, but our system justifies the lies that have to be told to maintain it, for here was a worker and his lack of organization was bringing him rapidly nearer to God. I do not think that he was long for this world.

Then a newspaper man, the speaker for the evening, got up. He writes a column in one of the Vancouver papers. It is not a very brilliant column, but the spirit behind it is good—he wants to continue the present system. I am sure that he would approve one of my advocated monuments for Vancouver. The man beside me whispered to the man next to him, "I hope he does not talk too long." I hoped this also, and that his subject would be the ethics of Christianity as applied to the newspaper

(Continued on Page 30)

Sudan Cotton

By MAURICE BARYE

The story of fibrous industries fills more than one chapter in the book of history, and their economic interpretation explains many of the workings of national and world diplomacy. The writer of the accompanying article has sketched the significance of Sudanese events that are prominent in world relations.

SIR LEE STACK, the Sudan's Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Egypt's army, was assassinated last November in the Egyptian capital. His friend, Lord Allenby, British High Commissioner in Egypt, immediately issued an ultimatum worded quite insultingly to the Egyptian Government demanding, among other things, a repatriation of £500,000 and evacuation of the Sudan by Egyptian troops.

This action was pursued regardless of Anglo-Egyptian treaties by which the Sudan was governed jointly. Allenby's conduct violated the condominium by which both Egyptian and British flags flew over Khartum's citadel, and not only British ascendancy in the Sudan has been confirmed but British governmental monopoly.

Students of imperialism are not astounded by this succession of tragedies from the murder of a foreign ruler, admittedly benevolent, to the baring of the Lion's fangs. That is a way of imperialism. We should rather be amazed were the conditions of the condominium adhered to by the stronger party to the compact. To properly analyze Egypt's present situation one must look with fixed attention to a statement of Allenby's ultimatum fraught with profound meaning to the Nile country. This provision is that henceforth the Gezira district, formerly limited to 300,000 feddans (acres) under irrigation, shall be thrown open to unlimited watering by its owners, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd. Just what does this portend?

The Gezira district is a vast tract of land in the Sudan just below Khartum between the White and Blue Niles. Its soil depends upon the Nile's diverted waters for cultivation, as the rainfall which is eight inches at Alexandria, and only one inch at

Cairo dwindles to practically nothing in Upper Egypt, where the Gezira is located. While this aridity compels irrigation projects, it is specially desirable to cotton production as rainfall on the open bolls is bad for the plants. With irrigation all watering is willed by man and he can avoid this deleterious effect. Not only the Gezira is supported

by the Nile waters but the very life of Egypt, its long, narrow agricultural area from Khartum clear to the rich alluvial delta lands where the great mother of Egypt fans in many directions but loses itself at last on the broad bosom of the Mediterranean.

Control of the Nile nearer its sources means control of Egypt. It means the life or death of its agricultural population. When the Egyptian Government insisted that not over 300,000 feddans of the Gezira should be irrigated its insistence was based on nothing less than the will of a people to live. In the Gezira a syndicate of immense resources has been operating for many years. It is com-

posed of British cotton capitalists who are intent upon supplying Lancashire with the cotton that now nets American speculators approximately \$5,000,000 a week. The British company has erected a vast dam to store Nile waters and use as wanted in the cultivation of 500,000 acres in cotton. So titanic an undertaking dwarfs the largest single cotton growing enterprise of the States, which is said to have been 15,000 acres.

This Plantations Syndicate was waiting for a pretext to set aside limitations of irrigation acreage and Stack's assassination furnished it. With alacrity Allenby heard his master's voice and tore up the treaty with its restrictions on the unfolding of syndicate desire.



GEZIRA: WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE COTTON RAISING ENTERPRISE



PICKING COTTON ON SOUTHERN PLANTATION IN AMERICA

Amalgamation of wealth is shown here in startling contrast on the field of agriculture. One company has pooled its resources to develop cotton growing on a scale of half a million acres, while ninety per cent of Egyptian landowners have each five or fewer acres in cotton and fifty per cent of these possess less than one acre.

Importance of Cotton

If I were asked what single product of agriculture contributed most powerfully to shape American history I should say cotton. In the United States about three-fifths of the world's cotton crop is raised. Cotton production in this country early made negro slavery profitable and this was intensified by the invention of Whitney's cotton gin. When the cotton gin was invented the civil war was made inevitable. But there is no space just now to expatiate on that statement.

Let me note here the climatic and soil conditions favorable to the growth of cotton. Extensive production is found only in regions having a frostless season of 200 days or more. Ninety-five per cent of the world's crop is grown south of the 37th parallel of latitude, and the greatest yields per acre are taken in the fertile alluvial delta lands of the Mississippi, Colorado and Nile rivers.

The Gezira has the necessary frostless season, being just south of the 16th parallel, and irrigation will go a long way towards making up its lack of the other characteristic of high yield lands. In the last twenty-five years cotton crops have more than doubled not only in the United States and India, which ranks second with about thirteen per cent of the world's crop, but also in Egypt. The action of the Plantations Syndicate shows the most determined purpose of augmenting its importance in the cotton industry no matter what becomes of the small planters of Egypt. By such gigantic production it intends to make a vigorous start to change a world cotton situation which finds the United States exporting over ten million bales annually against the combined cotton export of Egypt and India which is less than four million.

Cotton is grown in many countries other than those mentioned. China and Russian Turkestan produce some, but export practically none. Brazil, Peru, Mexico and Asiatic Turkey also grow some. South America and Africa have vast areas climatically adapted to cotton production but the difficulties of obtaining labor and of transporting the product have been felt to be almost insuperable obstacles in a number of sites, while in others, such as Brazil, the development has not been extensive for these reasons. It was on the labor problem itself that much thought was expended by the supercapitalists of Gezira. However they are now assured that sufficient Egyptian wage slaves will be drafted, in addition to which they can count on the exploitation of members of the Fellata, Hansa and other tribes of Nigeria to raise all the cotton required.

Egypt's Effect on U. S. Production

This will have its bearing on the United States labor market. Increase of production by the labor of culturally backward peoples in this world commodity is not going to react favorably on the wage relation in the States. With juvenile labor widely exploited in America this Sudanese cotton project threatens to reduce the prevailing standards of wages still further, and this certainly accounts for some part of the agitation against the establishment of an amendment to the American Constitution to prohibit employment of children in gainful occupations.

Whether the cotton comes from Egypt or America is of no concern to the mill slaves of Lancashire—their continued exploitation is assured. If their status changes in any way it is not to be expected beneficially where their masters grasp greater power in their increased wealth. The result from such concentration is always a more servile rank for the workers. There is a greater disparity between the unified resources of the employers and the incoherent, non-revolutionary and divided strata of the working class.

It is to the capitalist class that we must look for our organizational technique. At every point



COTTON MILL CHILD SLAVES OF SOUTHERN UNITED STATES

members of this class set the pace and sharply define the process. Where they are busy with consolidation of forces we should watch for our hints. If a single unit of corporate wealth manifests the desirability of a 500,000-acre agricultural project and demonstrates its superiority over development by many parties in the same territory, the workers have no chance whatever to advance with anything short of the industrial organization of all employees of the dominant entity.

I wish to make a few remarks about that queer court of appeals, the League of Nations. To this absurd body Egyptian nationalists and the Egyptian Government are directed in the Sudanese exigency for redress. Progressive persons and their journals in different countries see in the League a suitable arbitrator for the dispute. Anyone understanding society's economic nature and the logical expansion of business empire must smile at this simplicity. Not so deep a penetration is needed to simply catalog instances of imperialist aggression against weaker states just as sovereign as Egypt ever was on paper.

Have these gentle souls forgotten the American Marines in Mexico? The same efficient conquerors of custom houses in Nicaragua and Haiti? The French troops in the Ruhr? The Italians in Corfu? Do they suppose that the interests of Egypt's teeming cotton growing population along the Nile with their endless one-to-five acre holdings are going to win against the wishes of the syndicate that owns the Gezira and operates on a 500,000-acre scale? The League of Nations is supposed to be morally efficacious, but the only morality capitalist governments know is force. If the Egyptians had the force to kick the British out they would do it. The British have the strength to stay there and do as they jolly well please, and they're doing it. We may deplore this as much as we wish, the facts remain. It is a law of life and capitalism is a living, growing thing. What the lion wants he takes if he can. Small fish find graveyards in the entrails of large fish.

Intelligence In the Making

By some queer twist of reasoning well meaning liberals impute to intelligence a mysterious power over the determination of questions rising out of business conquest and imperialism, but there is nothing mysterious about it at all. The intelligence is there, all right, and it acts properly, always on the side of the strong against the weak. Sentimental theorizing will not stand up in opposition to this statement when we consider what intelligence really is. It is not a thing apart and independent of the material facts of existence, but is closely bound to them and has its rise in them. Man has gained his superiority over the lower animals because he uses tools and has articulate speech. The use of tools and the use of speech develop together, and an interesting psychological consideration in this connection is observable in the English language. Out of its



ONE OF THE TIRED SLAVES IN A LANCASHIRE COTTON MILL

six hundred thousand words half of them are technical and scientific terms, and that is largely saying technical because scientific research and discovery are more connected with industrial development than any other.

The bourgeoisie use their intelligence to dominate society just as man has employed it to domesticate tractable lower animals and exterminate or isolate the fiercer species not proving amenable to subjugation. This goes on in the class struggle where every country has its executions of those who refuse to be docile and contented in a subject state, and where prisons immure human souls that dare to point a way to freedom.

Egypt's wage slaves in the Gezira, Lancashire's mill slaves and those on the land and in the mills of America are domesticated burden-beasts. Every interest of their lives conflicts sharply with those of the class that enslaves them. Together these workers have common necessities and a common destiny, if they but realized it. What they lack is a common purpose, the class will to be free, to rise from this universal slavery to the commanding position of emancipated creators. To do this they must use their intelligence, banding together just as their masters band together. They must solidify their numbers and throw themselves into their great fight against functioning longer in debasing domestication to any ruling class.

Leagues of Nations and World Courts have no inherent force to compel obedience. Should the League dissatisfy any of its sovereign members when the latter are engaged in the state art of colonial penetration or foreign assimilation, the Power threatens to withdraw from the League. So what can the poor League do? It can hold its tongue and its member states, which is precisely what it does.

Nothing can drive out the despoilers of the people but the people themselves, whether it be in Egypt, Ireland, India, America or anywhere else, and when I say the people I mean the working people, the people who produce the wealth of nations and all the good things of the world. It is going to take very effective industrial organization to throw off the yoke of slavery but this organization builded to the needed size will be one so great, so overwhelming that nothing can ever destroy it.

Freedom A World Goal

The way to power for the bourgeoisie is by the concentration of its resources; the way to power for the proletariat is also by the massing of its energies and the unity of its purpose. The ruling class has power now. We want power. There is, however, a parting of the ways: the ruling class of this era and all the ages that have receded in the dust and shadows of the past have sought power and used it to subjugate a majority of the human race. The working class seeks power to make an end of class

distinctions, class privileges, class hatreds and class conflicts by embracing the entire race in the industrial process on terms of industrial communism.

Until we have the necessary organized power weak states will fall before strong ones, and the workers must bow in slavery over all the wide world to the capitalists of the nations and of the world. Egyptian nationalists stir their countrymen by saying that fifty centuries call out from the past for them to be a free nation. Yet that past spent the brawn and blood of millions of slaves to build its pyramids and to make the glories of the Pharaohs. Today British Pharaohs are enthroned on a wealth beside which that of the ancient kings is as nothing. Today these rulers of cotton enslave the workers and threaten the existence of the agricultural population not directly in their employ.

It is the way of imperialism. Not fifty centuries, but all the past and the more potent voice of present day necessity call upon the workers of Egypt, of Europe, of America and of the world to strike the great blow for freedom, and shake from their limbs the shackles of slavery forever.

Longview—An Experiment

By BOOMER

SIXTY miles west of Portland, Oregon, on the north side of the Columbia river, where all was semi-waste land five years ago, today stands the feudal city of Longview. Approximately three thousand persons reside there.

The little city is complete, there being two banks, several real estate offices, hotels, restaurants and mercantile establishments. A section of some two hundred modern little cottages serves as place of abode for those fortunate enough to command wages sufficient to live like human beings. There is also a boarding house for employees of the Long-Bell Lumber Company. It is almost like a miracle, the change from semi-waste land to a modern little city in such a short time. Labor power has wrought this change; labor power applied to the tools of construction. And labor did this because of economic determinism.

Lumber is a commodity necessary to civilization. Without lumber, construction would stop. At least, until man discovered something else to take its place.

The Long-Bell Company made a fortune manufacturing lumber in the South; or rather, they made a fortune from the sale of lumber manufactured in the South. Their timber exhausted, to continue in the lumber business it was necessary for them to seek another locality. Hence they hired labor which was eager to sell that most essential commodity, and cleared land, graded streets, built houses, and erected a large sawmill. Their mill site was chosen with an eye to facilitating the shipping of lumber both by rail and water. Competition is so keen in the lumber industry today that for a company to remain in business, the labor cost of production must be reduced to a minimum, in order to pay satisfactory dividends to the nonproducing stockholders. And so, because of these things, Longview came into existence.

In 1620 when the white men came to America and began to erect shelters from the timber of the forests, it was a very laborious process. All the work was performed with the aid of hand tools. The combined labor of a dozen men could not produce as much building material from the forests in a month as a dozen men today working with improved machinery can produce in an hour. **The mill at Longview has a quarter-million feet of cutting capacity in eight hours; from the time the log leaves the cutting pond until it comes onto the sorting chains as lumber, less than a dozen men operate the machines that have transformed it into lumber.** There are many more workers employed than a dozen, but the greatest number are occupied at the work of sorting, storing and converting the rough lumber into a complete finished product such as our forefathers never dreamed of.

The Long-Bell plant has a yard storage capacity of over a hundred million board feet of lumber. They have a log cutting pond covering twenty-five

acres, and a log storage pond of one hundred and twenty-five acres. In addition there is a railroad yard capable of holding seven hundred cars loaded with logs, or lumber. As they operate their own logging camps, and the railroad over which the logs are hauled (the railroad being thirty-two miles long), this gives them a complete storage capacity, if needed, that is practically unlimited. **This means that the Long-Bell Company can operate their mills and logging camp during industrial depressions when labor is cheap and store their products until the price assures them a large profit before selling.** Long-Bell did not spend millions building their mill and the adjoining city because they wished to improve the state of Washington; they did it because there is money in producing lumber and selling it—if modern machinery is used. There is also money in running their own town. They can completely regulate the social and political life of the company-owned lumber barony.

Economic Significance

Those who control the industrial life of a given community also control the social and political life of that community, and as Gary controls the social and political life of the company-owned town of Gary, Indiana, so does the Long-Bell Company control the social and political life of Longview, Washington.

To secure a job at Longview the applicant must fill out a personal record blank, about twice the size of this magazine page. The birthplace, age and nationality of the applicant come first. Then follow about sixty-two more questions; and none of them have anything to do with the applicant's ability to handle the job he is applying for. **"Do you belong to a labor union?"** appears three times on the application blank. **"If so, what union?"** appears, to be followed with "Have you ever held office in a labor union? Name office."

To answer these questions "Yes" means that the applicant does not get on Long-Bell's payroll. All of the various companies doing business at Longview are owned and controlled by Long-Bell. The Columbia Mercantile Company, conducting a large department store, is only a different way of spelling Long-Bell. The Portland, Longview and Northern Railroad is of course Long-Bell. The daily paper, "Longview News," is their propaganda sheet. Employees are earnestly requested to support "Our Paper," and on the time statement blanks is put very conveniently "Subscription to Longview News."

With a hand-picked population there is not much chance of any social affairs being held in honor of anyone not in accord with the policy of exploitation advocated by Long-Bell. A reception given in honor of Gene Debs, La Follette, or anyone even proposing reforms, would not be permitted; and for a theatrical company to put on a play like Shaw's "Major Barbara" is an impossibility.

The Long-Bell Company with its immense capital is attempting the impossible—it is attempting to kill an idea. Newcomers are spied upon, mail is censored, **more than one newspaper goes into the place all company-owned postmasters have at hand.** This is not hearsay; it is a demonstrated fact. Even school teachers are governed by the company, being compelled to sign contracts giving the school board the right to dismiss any of the teachers **WITHOUT CAUSE.** As most of the school board members are employees of Long-Bell, or in business with the consent of Long-Bell, the result is obvious. When Long-Bell speaks they act. They are bound by the chain of economic serfdom, whether they know it or not. **Even the sheriff of the county goes to Long-Bell for his orders. As a result gambling is running wide open in the town of Kelso, which adjoins Longview.** Of course the other vices are there, too. The sheriff's deputies can't see the games running, although any newcomer can't dodge them; but the "law and order" gang knows when another exponent of a new social order hits town.

The Experiment

Long-Bell is the first company to institute industrial feudalism in the Northwest; while there are plenty of company towns, yet there are none where the operating company completely owns the town.

The cottages visitors see at Longview are not occupied by the average paid sawmill workers. They are occupied by the families of boss-men, office managers, department superintendents, and business men. **West of Longview, close to the Cowlitz river, is shanty town.**

Here live the families of the married employees. Perhaps the pictured advertisement of Longview, its modern little cottages, its paved streets, and other comforts, was the lure, but the cottages were all occupied before the mill turned a wheel. The children living in shanty town ask, "Why don't we live in a nice town too?" They are thinking, and that is the first step. Why can't they live in nice houses too?

In spite of their owned newspaper, in spite of their controlled schools, in spite of their espionage, the workers employed by the Long-Bell Company are questioning the economic system of today. As feudalism gave way to capitalism, so will capitalism be forced to give way to another system.

Long-Bell with its company-owned town is influenced by economic determinism. No man, nor combinations of men, can stop evolution. When the workers in sufficient numbers begin to ask the question, "Why can't we live in nice houses?" the dawn of the new day will be at hand, and Long-Bell's experiment at Longview to perpetuate capitalism will be proved a failure. The duty of the workers is to prepare for that day, and the more earnest is the preparation so much the sooner will the day dawn.



The Sonnets of M. C. S.

Reviewed by ROBERT GRAYSON

TO sign a literary production with initials may mark the happy discretion, timidity, of a novice in letters, or the absence or curbing of egoistic impulses. After reading some of the work that is signed not only with full names, but impressively weighted with titles as well, one often thinks that great assurance and small gifts are not strangers.

It would be hard, however, to say this of one whose work has merit and whose advertising is assured by an enterprising husband. M. C. S. has not chosen to act in the simple role of cook and chambermaid to an artistic pamphleteer, as wives of such celebrities often do, and for very good reasons. Mrs. Sinclair has struck out on her own, and has at least successfully breasted the currents of magazine journalism by getting paid for a number of poems, some thoughtful, some rebellious, others musical and several lacking these adjectives of commendation. But why she tried sonnets, whose difficulties of construction can not be dwelled upon here, is suggested in her own words when she expresses a naive faith concerning qualifications for poets. She says that: "Anybody with a good mind can be a poet—anybody who is willing to take the time to put words together into patterns."

Don't take that too literally! Years ago I flattered myself about having this poetic mind, but the stuff sweated out of it was queer. Floyd Dell saved me by criticizing one of my gems as "too profound for publication." Still, for herself M. C. S. has gone fairly well to a successful proof of her contention, as may be judged from the following lines that have an appeal to us not so much for their rhyme as for their reason.

WAR FOR DEMOCRACY

You did not mention patience yesterday,
But called for men of might to fling the Hun
Into eternity! The deed was done—
But not till men had learned to hate and slay.
No sweet and patient word had power to move
The Hun to reason, who knew naught but Might.
No sacred thing had meaning in his sight—
And so, death to him! Waste no breath on love!

But now, you masters, hard and blind as those
Whom you called Huns, are full of harsh surprise
That we who call you Huns should dare propose
A war of your own kind. Well, we advise
No further patience with a heedless foe—
Get off our backs, or else to hell you go!

There is still room for another which should hold our attention because we are all deeply interested in our



DAILY BREAD

I match my will to live against the will
Of the entire community of men—
For every man conspires against me when
He must compete with me for bread. The swill
Is none the cleaner for its shallow crust
Of evolution's pastry, nor can be
Until the mind of every man is free.
Who trusts his loaf to swine shall feed on dust.

Cannot the bread be set apart from shame—
A sacred, true communion beyond trade?
Toss all other things into the game—
Compete for fame, for love, for gems, for jade—
But leave each man enough of bread to live,
So that at last his soul may dare to give.

That, to my mind, is her best. A number of these sonnets have been collected and printed by her husband, and I suppose the only way you can get them all is to come to terms with this hard-fisted person who is offering the little volume as a premium to those who buy his new book, MAMMONART. As he didn't send this latest work along, I can not say anything about its worth. Yet, if the sonnets are a fair advertising sample as to standards, the literary goods to come should be worth while.

ANNOUNCEMENT

In the March Industrial Pioneer Robert Grayson will review two great works—G. Bernard Shaw's latest drama, "Saint Joan," and Robert Herrick's latest novel, "Waste."

These reviews have added interest in that Grayson weighs not only their literary and dramatic merit but their sociological value as well. The opinions of an industrial revolutionist on these prominent productions are sure to be worthy of attention.



SILENT CAL SPEAKS

THE dumbbell who is otherwise known as the First Citizen of this country has sent his message to congress, in which Pollyanna phraseology is once more served up piping hot. Someone wisely said that the man who has just eaten his dinner thinks the whole world has a bellyful, and we are reminded of this by the hypocrisy and conceit blended in the following glorious paragraph from our erstwhile mute campaigner:

"It is gratifying to report that the progress of industry, the enormous increase in individual productivity through labor-saving devices, and the high rate of wages have all combined to furnish our people in general with such an abundance not only of the necessities but of the conveniences of life that we are by a natural evolution solving our problems of economic and social justice."

Touching upon this ingenious solution of social and economic problems by natural evolution, which seems largely deduced from alleged prevalence of high wages, we wish to say that advertisements for workers are scarce and the wages offered are typified in these reprinted below from a capitalist morning paper:

"Wanted—Laborers; none but first class excavators considered; wages, 40c an hour."

"Wanted—Man to drive ash wagon; \$2.75 a day; ten hours."

"Wanted—Experienced shipping clerk; willing to work; \$75 a month."

You can find such advertisements at random in the help wanted columns of any metropolitan newspaper. The United States Department of Labor has compiled statistics of living costs over a period including last year in which, basing 1913 costs at 100, those prevailing in 1924 were 152, with the important item of rent far in excess of the average rise.

Examination of general wages will show that no such corresponding rise has taken place, which simply discloses that the workers have suffered a reduction of living standards, and had we nothing more than the president's words to inspire us we should feel considerable trepidation about this jolly natural evolution going to usher in a millennium of justice.

Parenthetically, it should be noted that problems of social and economic justice are exclusively *ours*. Mr. Coolidge has no such matters pressing for solution, and like the rest of his kind, he is intensely desirous that no solution be reached because he knows such liquefaction will forever dissolve those dominating attributes reserved for his class.

While the president indulges in cant to nourish those who hang on to his homilies like dogfish at the mouth of a sewer, we continue to forward a workable program to cut the Gordian knot of labor's

exploitation. There is nothing fatalistic about this program. It embodies neither presidential hallucinations nor comforting illusions of workers idly waiting for the revolution.

We recognize that industrial organization on the part of economic dictators holds us in subjection, guaranteeing luxury to parasites and misery to workers, and it is going to take industrial unionism to lift us from the welter of poverty. This job leaves nothing to fatalism, but demands unremitting, conscious activity that is not to be deflected by any agency, of which there are a numerous assortment, the one in the mantle of Wall Street's choice mannequin being typical.

SYMBOLS OF REVOLUTION

OUR cover design for this issue is an exceptionally fine expression of artistic symbolism.

Its efficacy depends on what force it owns to provoke thought, raise hope and impel action. Commercial evaluations, concerned with its advertising worth, are conditioned on its appeal to the eye, and may be the one or the other, intellectual magnetism or emotional attraction, or perhaps a little of both.

We think the artist's personifications of three great ideals a pleasing technique to serve the purposes of propaganda. Ideals is said deliberately, knowing that some may not be willing to concede that our educational and organizational influence is still very largely idealistic. But it is, in the sense that every Wobbly sees in our limited numbers, and consequent lack of effect, a promise, a purpose, a framework, of an education for workers so widespread and sound that is is readily transmuted into action through industrial organization so universal and revolutionary that all obstacles must fall before its onrush as surely and swiftly as the leaves of autumn before the sweep of the winds.

The personification of Education holds aloft a torch, not to conflagrate a physical world and bring ruin as our enemies are so fond of reiterating, but to kindle a glow of thought in the worker's mind by which he will awaken to his social position of degrading slavery and realize his true worth. Education is given a central position because knowledge of his class position will show him the need of a power to overcome his bonds, the form this power must assume to succeed, and the objective when this power has been set in motion.

Organization is represented by a military figure. Needless to say we don't believe that organization can be accomplished by methods of a 15th Century Amazon with a broadsword. But the symbol is one of strength: determination founded on conscious purpose. We have a conscious purpose that is going ahead by a determination unsurpassed in history. Her shield is a strong defense to fend off

(Continued on Page 36)

Chappo

By RICHARD HARRISON.

PART I

I ALWAYS liked Chappo, from the first time I set eyes on him, coming down a desert trail to the highroad, with the strides of a man who has walked much but who seems to be able to keep going to the ends of the earth. He was a wiry, little fellow, brown as the hills of Sonora in the summer twilight, and with the softest eyes you ever saw.

It turned out that he was on his way to the Victory Mine to rustle for a job, and so was I. Lucky for me, too, because I was green while Chappo was an old timer. We waited on the porch of the time-keeper's office until the mine foreman came along—about twenty of us, Americans, Mexicans and a few Apaches. So far have the formerly irrepressible followers of Geronimo fallen!

After a while the foreman slouched across the road from the shaft, and we were given a careful inspection with his gimlet eyes. Then he pointed to the lucky ones with a quick:

"You!" and "You!" and "You!"

Chappo and I made it, and were told to report for the graveyard shift that night, so we hiked back to camp and separated.

Seems like a long time since that first ride in the big bus that carried about forty miners each trip from camp to mine. It is only a few years, though. Twisting through the hills in the warm air of that Arizona night, with cigarette smoke and bits of conversation softly floating back from the seats ahead, while away up in dark sky shone a billion stars, red and green and blue. Some folks think that stars don't sport these colors, but out on the desert's the place to watch them change like the facets of a diamond turning in the sunlight.

Only a few short years since then, but I'll remember that mine sump if I live to be a thousand. Between the two of us I'll admit that I didn't know what the shift boss was talking about when he said: "Go down and muck in the sump." That sump has me stumped, but Chappo stepped on my foot and drew me near the cage. Pretty soon it popped up out of the dark, unloaded its human freight, and we packed in. Down, down in the dark . . . Lights of the levels flashing by. Stops to discharge miners at their stations, and when I was beginning to wonder if that sump was next door to hell we stopped and piled off—four of us, Chappo, two others and I.

Through experience I defined what a sump was. All night we mucked in water up to our chests, dumping the ore into a bucket. When this was filled one of us would pull the cable and a donkey engine hauled it out. No chill in that warm water, and a funny incident to relieve the monotony. I forgot to take my can of carbide from my hip pocket and when the water got to it I felt a sharp stinging pain. Centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas! The

others looked at me in amazement. Then I recalled that blamed carbide and pulled out the steaming can to the great glee of my partners in the soup—sump.

Once the shift boss stuck his head through a hole in the roof and demanded:

"What the hell's the matter with the muck?"

Discreet silence.

He repeated the query, and we the silence, whereupon authority's head disappeared, and we kept on our leisurely course.

As time passed I liked Chappo better. When a fellow is green it's a nervous business, that mining, and he showed me lots of tricks to save my skin and my brawn. Like when we were mucking from a stope to the one-ton cars on the little track. We filled the cars and trammed them out to the station. I started to muck off the mine floor. Ore is hard stuff to deal with, anyhow. Not like chat, or sand, or shale, or even gumbo—all that stuff takes the shovel. Ore fights it and you win only by pushing for all that's in you. But off the rough ground! Don't try it. Chappo watched me, his dark eyes brilliant with mirth in the yellow light of our little lamps.

"What the hell you laughing at?" I wanted to know.

"Me no laugh, pardner," he lied soothingly. "Only muck off rock too hard. Too damn hard. We get some lagging, heh?"

Off we went down the drift to get the laggings. Rats scurried out of the way. Back to the stope to lay the floor, and then what a difference! Now the muck fell on the boards and the work seemed easy by comparison. Things like that made me like that little Mex.

As the days passed I learned a little of his personal history. He had fought at his father's side with the revolting peons, who have a way of rising periodically and who keep the rulers of Mexico wondering just when to expect these blows against oppression. The land hung to their necks like a chain, heavier and heavier as years passed. Chappo's father fell in the fighting. The boy had turned his back on slave agriculture to accept slave industry.

Time passed.

Chappo and I still together, gasping in a hot hole. What a sweatbox was that Victory! Sweat dropping from my eyebrows, running down my legs in rivulets, oozing from my heavy boots. Hot stuff! I squeezed the valve to the last notch trying for more air, when already it was rushing out of the hose with a roar.

Donovan came along after lunch. He was the push and he proved it by immediately reversing the valve-gate until the air issued feebly, with a low, hissing sound. Air costs money in mines. After that

he took our report and swung down the track. We took five, watching his grotesque, jerking shadow retreat on rocky walls and roof. Now the light was far off and Chappo sprang at the valve. Each energetic twist was punctuated by the most expressive of explosive oaths. Then he stood before the onrush of air and I was treated to a beautiful flow of epithets specially coined in his liquid tongue for drivers. Not that I savvy Espanol, but anyone could have understood wrath like that. Donovan was only trying to save the company a little expense. With chins and noses dripping sweat we cared a lot about expense!

Another night—it is always night in the mines, and when your lamp blows out from the shots you learn what dark really means. We were in a bad place, ups and downs and crawling to a raise that followed a vein. Wiggletail and plugger busy drilling holes. Then I brought powder in and we tamped six sticks into each hole. Six sticks and a fuse. These we spit and started out. Chappo waited to see me leave first. He put himself between me and the shots. Just a little thing, that, but it showed what he was like.

Then one night we helped to get the rocks off the bodies of two miners who had been timbering in a raise entrance when the whole thing caved in. That was the hardest work we ever did, I'm sure. It affected Chappo even more than it did me.

To make matters worse for him his brother-in-law was killed right after this with four other machine men sinking a shaft. Something went wrong with the cable that was used to lift them up after they had set off their fuses. The law called for two such chains for emergencies; if one failed, the other could be used. But chains, too, cost money and mine superintendents are judged efficient in proportion to their ability to curtail expenses. In this case the extra chain existed but it was at the blacksmith shop for repairs. The four men spit their fuses and signaled the engineer. He tried to lift them but something stuck somewhere. When they found the bodies the palms of one man's hands were burned as though he had attempted to climb up the cable and had been jerked back, sliding down with the concussion of the explosion.

Chappo did what he could for his widowed sister, but she had five children and they were having a hard struggle.

"It never rains but it pours," is a quaint way the poor have of saying that hardships do not come singly. We were laid off one day. Existence would now be harder for Chappo with his sister and her brood.

After that he avoided me. When I saw him he seemed restless, and I told him that perhaps the mines would open again soon. Soon. Every day and many times five children crowded up to the table for food in his sister's little shack.

PART II

It is a lazy afternoon for the clerks in the Gila River Bank, for all that an adding machine breaks the stillness. A dragon fly is droning on the warm air. The clerks are watching the clock. Two minutes to three. At three the shades are to be drawn, then their undisturbed work is to begin.

A man rides up on a bay horse. He rides well and stops before the bank. Quite usual. He hitches his horse and enters the bank. He is small but he means business. The kind banks do not solicit. With two very earnest looking guns he backs cashier and clerks into a corner while he swiftly sweeps some twenty thousand dollars into a bag. He backs out and they hear his horse pounding the road like mad. Then the bank employees rush out and shoot wildly up the street. But he is gone for the foothills.

A posse is recruited and all the blood-thirsty guardians of law and order volunteer. Out to the hills to search for a little, swarthy man with a white shirt, and twenty thousand dollars. Up Red Gulch they thunder and into the hills. Hue and cry everywhere, a man hunt is on!

Towards night his horse is shot. Now these brave hunters cheer and press on. One has a sudden thought and swerves from the trail to cut across the hills red with eternal manzanita in the gathering gloom. This hunter has a keen nose; his eyes are like the eagle's. He is a bird of prey, for all this daring in the name of law. Law. Bosh! He is out for blood, to boost his own stock with his fellows. Seeing a form dart behind a huge rock this Texan comes on slowly, inexorably.

"Don't come near!" rings out from behind the rock. A hand and arm appear. The hunter raises his gun to shoot.

Crack!

His gun falls; his fingers are mangled.

"You son of a bitch!" he cries in agony.

"Don't come near. I can hit you. I don't want hurt you".

One is behind a rock, armed, but not wanting to kill. The other makes a bold silhouette against the evening sky, murder in his heart, withal an easy target.

They call forth and back. Then others ride up. They have heard the shot, and found the scent. It is blood. Twenty thousand dollars is all they are charged to retrieve. All. But they will have more. So much more.

The bandit is surrounded. He has fired but one shot. Then he surrenders. Too easy, that, and the hunters make the darkening hills echo with their shots and cries. The bandit falls. They see him prostrate. The shots crack out. When one empties his gun he reloads and starts over again. They draw nearer the form on the ground. How it bleeds! They want to see it bleed, these broad-shouldered he-men. The hunt is over, the quarry is down.

Strangely, no shots struck his head. The slight,

limp, bleeding corpse is thrown across a horse, and this cavalcade rides back. I was in camp when they came, but I looked away when I saw the dripping body. I went down the street.

Soon the curious are permitted to view the corpse in the undertaker's place. Identification is their pretext. But they, too, like blood, like to prowl as ghouls. The hue and the cry that sickened O. Henry was not exhausted by the posse on the dark, blood-soaked hills, where the manzanita flames. The camp is alive with its whole population turned sightseers; morbid throngs push their way in.

Gossip drifts to me. A Texan of the posse has been treated by a surgeon. His fingers were so badly shot up that amputation of three digits was made necessary. His story of the bandit is everywhere; how the fugitive hit his mark, and said he did not want to hurt him. How he fell and was killed for his mercy.

A good shot, anyhow. Just then a young woman in black came up to me. I recognized Chappo's sister, the widow.

She had been pretty. Now she looked tired and

very nervous. Had I seen Chappo? No. Well, he had been very quiet for several days. That morning he had called for his brown shirt. He had been wearing it for a week and it was in the pile of wash. Chappo wanted it whether it was clean or not. But she had ironed him a nice, white shirt and she told him to put it on. For some reason he did not want that white shirt. She seemed hurt, and he put it on to please her. After that he had given her some money, and told her to wait for more. She had been unable to elicit further explanation from him and he had gone out just after lunch. Would I please look for him?

A horrible thought came to mind.

"Go home," I said, "and wait."

Then I went along the street to the undertaker's window where I took my place in line.

One glance at the quiet face and I recognized Chappo, calm in death, his soft, dark eyes closed forever. The shirt that had been so white in the morning was red with the deep red of his own blood. I turned away.



The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

CHAPTER V

THE trend toward centralization was marked by the bringing together of a number of establishments, engaged in producing the same commodities, under one head, and directing their operation from one center. Later this central form drew under its control other plants in contributing and dependent industries, thus gaining increased influence and power.

The superiority of this higher development over the preceding forms was manifold. It had an advantage over them in competition for the market because it was in position to lower the cost of production to a point ruinous to them. Its plants could run in competition with their establishments, and would likewise run in competition with one another. The competition between its own plants would redound materially to its benefit. The most productive of its plants would set a standard for all the others. The larger opportunities it afforded for its capable employees would act as a spur to drive its managers and their staffs to the capacity limit of the establishments entrusted to their management. Moreover, the contiguous industries supplying the raw material to the original undertaking at one end, and what was formerly the finished product, as raw material for other processes, made it a giant in comparison with its former status.

Strength of Large Capital

An invention, in one of its shops, would be available to all of them, while its competitors would be deprived of it. Again, the competition between its own plants would enable it to develop the best in each and apply it to all. Besides a comparison would enable it to determine what plants were least profitable, and if it was deemed advisable, these could be shut down without interfering with its ability to hold its share of the market.

In every way, the higher property form was prepared to command a higher tribute from its working force than was its weaker competitor. This was not because it was greedier, but because its means for so doing were more ample and more highly developed. No experience was lost to it because it had established a network through which experience could not escape. And every experience that turns to the advantage of capitalist property, proves a disadvantage to the wage labor it employs. When its plants enter into competition with one another, and, in the madness of such hysteria, we have seen shifts in the same plant compete with each other in a reckless frenzy of production, the management become slave drivers. Where they do not meet with a united show of resistance, industrial life for the working forces becomes a veritable hell.

Insecurity For Workers

Uncertainty for the workers becomes more and more certain. Speed-up systems are developed and

the unorganized workers stand in awe of the thing that encompasses, shadows and embitters their lives. The worker is dominated by fear. He is conscious of his inability to cope with this monstrous thing that eats up his life and denies him opportunity to realize the ambitions with which he faced life at the outset. There is the continual grind and denial, or unemployment with still greater denial and hardship. He is between the devil of exacting toil and poor recompense, and the deep sea of misery. He has not collective vision. His view is personal. He is an individualist, and every individualist is more or less of a fatalist. The consciousness is with him of job insecurity; of a world in which an ever-increasing number of wage earners must each attach him or herself to one of a constantly diminishing number of jobs, and he is neither speculative, imaginative nor adventurous. "Right", "liberty" and "freedom" appeal to him in a conventional way. He approves these sentiments when uttered by "proper" persons, on appropriate occasions, but, given expression by his fellow workers, they are "dangerous" and "radical" terms, which betoken a desire to change a system that taps him dry of energy, deadening limb and brain, until he is too tired to think; and which permits him nothing to enjoy, even if it left him the capacity for enjoyment.

A change! To him a change could only mean some relief from drudgery, some leisure to enjoy, some opportunity to develop culture, some knowledge to acquire, a touch of humanism to relieve the sordid wretchedness of a life that is darkened with the gloom of insecurity, and peopled with the gaunt spectres of want and hunger. Such is the conservative workman, who shouts himself hoarse, from habit, on the Fourth of July, and begs his keep, or a job, on Thanksgiving Day. Ignorant, helpless, slavish, wretched, and withal contented in his wretchedness! Is he hopeless?

The centralization of industry he has met with the division and dispersion of the forces of labor—his own forces. Where necessity dictated strength, he has painstakingly developed weakness. Industrial evolution found him a poor scholar, dull to impression and superlatively reactionary.

Labor Organization Slow

As early as 1814 his fellows were warning him in stentorian tones of the division and sub-division of labor in industry and of the trend, then already marked, toward simplification of industrial processes. The farsighted among the workers urged organization, but always an influence, that was not a labor influence, interfered to prevent the building up of an effective combination. It matters not whether that influence was exerted consciously to defeat organization or that defeat was unintentional. What does matter is that every undertaking, to bring about this end, failed to accomplish its purpose. The interest

of the capitalist class has been served and that of the working class has been neglected, until, at the present time, the position of the working class is as precarious, if not more so, than at any previous time since the advent of capitalism. There has never been a time in previous labor history when the obstacles were as formidable as those that confront those who now undertake to bring about the unity of the working class.

Craft Unionism Defined

Chief among these obstacles is the craft union system, which we shall attempt to analyze. The craft union system is a scheme whereby it is aimed to perpetuate each union as a separate economic entity, functioning independently, governed only by its own laws, claiming, as its undisputed and indisputable right, jurisdiction over organized workmen performing specific operations in industry. The lines of jurisdiction are rigidly established in organized employments. This form of organization is predicated upon the possession of skill, and has not proved equal to the needs of the workers, even when competition among the employers was keen. Since the rise of large contracting firms in the building industry, where this form of unionism has achieved its greatest measure of success, there has been little or no progress made by the workers. What has been secured by the building trades is only a fraction of what was possible.

Living Standards The Test

In the larger industries, the craft unions had been unable to maintain organization even after what is now only a comparatively backward stage of centralization had been reached. They have failed to gain a foothold in large industries or to influence them. No corporation, of even proportionately smaller magnitude and power than those of the present day, has ever been compelled to surrender to the craft union system. It will be pointed out that the basic eight-hour day was forced upon railroad employers by this system in 1917, and legalized by the Adamson Act. But it is well to remember also that the **Big Four Brotherhoods arranged to act as a unit**, if their demands were not conceded. The advances gained in wages, hours and conditions under favoring circumstances, which accrued as well to unorganized bodies of workmen, and, sometimes, even in greater measure than to the members of craft unions in the organized employments, **are to be regarded as achievements of these unions, only insofar as they have mustered power enough to retain them.** Now scan the list, and count the number of those that have been successful in so doing.

Yet inability to do this is a confession of inability to maintain the parity between wages and living expenses—powerlessness to uphold the established standard of living. When a system of unionism cannot prevent retrogression to bygone standards, and the relinquishment of established working

standards, it is not of advantage to the workers who depend upon it. It is a disadvantage.

Union Fakirs Serve Bosses

When after the world war, the capitalists launched an aggressive campaign, with the avowed intention of deflating wages and restoring old hours and conditions in industry, how did the craft unions meet the issue? The employing interests made no attempt to conceal the purpose or the scope of their campaign—it was nationwide and indiscriminating. It was an attack upon the working class, organized and unorganized. Its aim was to lower the standard of living of the entire working class of the United States. It was resented by the workers—the unorganized had no means of defense, for which responsibility lies largely with the craft union system, as we shall show later, and the craft-organized workmen found their organizations inadequate and incompetent. For the first time, many of them, and these altogether too few, discovered that they had no national labor movement which would or could unite them for resistance. Even the international unions permitted their members to be attacked piecemeal and deprived of the conditions they had imagined secure.

In every instance of which we have knowledge, the machinery of the international unions was used to discourage resistance to the employers and they put as much restraint as they dared upon the discontent of the rank and file. The result was disastrous. Such resistance as was offered was initiated by rank and file members of the craft unions and was generally unsupported by those who should have encouraged resistance and arranged for it upon a national scale. The workers were not only beaten; it is not overstating the case to pronounce the opinion that they were betrayed into defeat. The open shop drive is only the most recent of many defeats.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Mission Soup

(Continued from Page 17)

game. But just when the audience were in high expectancy that he would hook them up with the soup, he announced his subject, "Hooking up with the Almighty." I could give the speech until I went to sleep.

A Prayer Answered

Then when this talk was over and he told of how God had got him a job at one dollar a day, there was more singing, and further instructions were again given to the Almighty. It was again a one-sided conversation, but I felt before the end of it that God must have felt:

"You presumptuous worms, you. I have given you a world and look at what you have made of it. You murder millions with wars and other millions with hunger. You can't even make decent soup and yet you spend hours telling me how to run the world. If I had not long ago become disgusted with the world and with you, I should create another bug to replace you, and hand the world over to it, and abolish man, the crowning failure of my creative work. You want men hungry that they may worship me. Away with you and a worship bought with soup! You are not creating men but hypocrites, forcing men through hunger to lie to you, and to try to lie to me. One man facing the world clear-eyed and unafraid is worth a million such. Oh, for men instead of things that would crawl on their bellies through life, and even try to whine their ways into Heaven!"

After the prayers there was more singing. Then the refreshments were announced. A two-hour grace calls for a good meal, was the general feeling. Those present were told that they should go downstairs without crowding, and that after the refreshments were served they would be permitted to sleep on the floor of the basement, but they must be careful not to go outside or the officers would get them and put them into jail for being hungry and without a place to sleep.

A Full Belly Is Insidious

After the monument is erected to the great benefactor of humanity, the first concocter of soup, the next reform should be a mission for judges, law-makers, officers and the general public, for they evidently do not understand the necessity of hunger to our glorious system, that it is a part of the palladium of our liberties, and that anyone who interferes with hunger is sapping the manhood of the nation, destroying one of the fundamentals of democracy, resting as it does on starvation, and the government ownership of social necessities such as jails and penitentiaries. But this reform must wait. The monument is an immediate need.

When the refreshments were announced everyone got up. There was a rush for the door leading to the basement. I finally got into the line. I passed through an iron door that brought back memories,

and down the stairs of sighs. I found my right hand going instinctively to the right side of my body. I would warn crusaders who would follow me not to resist this characteristic movement—it is not a meaningless gesture—it is the high sign of mission fraternalism. When in the soup line do as the soup line does, is a good motto. It is not ethical for the crusader to saturate himself with oil of cedar before going to a mission. Someone might mistake the smell of it for that of the soup, and be incited to cannibalism. Our glorious civilization will bring back that institution without such aids.

The man beside me answered my signal, and said: "That's all right, partner; turn him over. He is one of the missionaries. He has one of the ten commandments on his back, and they operate in groups of ten." But he would not turn over. He also wanted his refreshments, and was persistent.

All Comes to Him Who Wants

Finally we got to the bottom of the stair. Those who were with me were expressing sorrow that they had not been at the head of the line. Those who came first got more soup. The head of the mission yelled to an assistant: "How many more are there?" The assistant answered: "I cannot see the end of them." The ration was decreased. I found a soup cup in my left hand which was not employed. Then I had to exhume the right to take a slice of bread, and an apple. This was a delicacy for that one night, because it was Sunday.

I have been asked by the uninitiated if I ate the soup. One does not eat mission soup; he drinks it, if he can. I have tasted worse. I had seventy-four days of typhoid fever and castor oil once. But I did not eat the bread. I have one hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of bridges in my mouth—I do not mean worth, that is what the dentist charged—and I did not think eating that bread would have a sociological value of over one hundred dollars. I would have made the sacrifice, were it merely a matter of money, being Scotch-Canadian a little thing like that would not deter me, but I know that great crimes have small beginnings, and I did not want to get a criminal habit. It would be too dangerous in Vancouver where the streets are paved with wooden blocks, because there are so many of them. I did not want to be arrested for eating the pavements.

When I left, the unemployed, or the part of them that will patronize missions—a small percentage—were squirming on the concrete pavement, which was their bed. There were thousands of beds vacant in Vancouver that night. In the mission itself there were many vacant beds, little cubbyholes that are rented, but while the mission officials had advised God to bring them to Heaven, and to furnish them with all the comforts of the streets of gold, the bread of life, and the waters of life—more bread

and water—the mission officials thought they were too disreputable to sleep in mission beds. It suggested to my mind that perhaps St. Peter and the angels may feel the same antipathy to lousing up the premises that the mission officials have when they are not telling God what to do.

How to Appreciate Missions

But the missions are noble institutions. They throw such a bright light on the wonders, the magnificence, the grandeur of our institutions. They also brighten many passages of the Bible for the workers. For instance, there is the man who has been a skeptic, who refuses to believe in the miracles. He does not believe that Christ fed five thousand with three loaves and five small fishes until he is brought within the beneficent influences of a mission. Then he knows that this was not of necessity a miracle. He knows that any properly equipped mission could feed five thousand with three loaves and five fishes: they would make soup of them, and feed five thousand easily if the city water works could stand the strain.

I wonder whether if Christ came back again to be crucified, he would recognize the two hours of grace and the soup which they serve as the thing

for which he died twenty centuries ago at the behest of the orthodox church of his day, and under the sentence of the organized government of his age. I wondered if he would remain inside that basement, or if the carpenter of Nazareth who had not where to lay his head, would have ventured outside, and been arrested and jailed for vagrancy. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." If he meant it, then the provision of the missions, weak religion and weak soup, and a contempt too great to be given a bed in a mission cubbyhole is what the missions are offering to Christ, this is their tribute to their avowed master. This is our Christian civilization.

But this is by the way. The present system must be maintained. Its democracy and industrial freedom are sacred. Society does not know the great social service that is performed for it by its soup houses. They must know. The monuments I have advocated must be erected on every city square, and a civilization based on soup must have its monument to the benefactor who first conceived this great social cure for a sick society and a hungry world. Our civilization may not be Christian, but it must be grateful. Ingratitude is the greatest of crimes. WE MUST BUILD THAT MONUMENT.



Hard Coal Outlaws

By INDUSTRIAL PIONEER CORRESPONDENT

IT'S cold and bleak in the anthracite counties of northeastern Pennsylvania, where 12,000 miners went on strike last November. There is no fun in striking there in the hard wintertime. But men do not go on strike for the fun of it very often. They strike because they have to fight, and bear the sufferings of the fight, if the yoke on their necks is to be lighter in the future.

That's the way Sam Pace put it a few days before cowardly assassins stretched him out with 14 steel jacketed bullets one night early this year. Pace didn't quit his job in the Ewen Colliery near Pittston because he was looking for a thrill.

"We have to fight," he told a friend, "or things will get worse".

Sam Pace was a quiet, stocky young fellow, with a wife and three children. He was secretary of the Ewen Colliery local of Pennsylvania-Hillside coal company and a member of the local union's grievance committee. When the walkout occurred he became a member of the general grievance committee for the ten striking locals of the Pennsylvania-Hillside workers.

He was a very active striker and could be counted on in a pinch. That's the kind of fellow gunmen mark down. He was always on hand. At every meeting of the strikers' committee he was on hand, there in St. Aloysius' hall in Pittston. But he didn't have much to say there. Pace was not a loquacious fellow. He talked only when talking had to be done. One speech he made in the Underwood Colli-

ery local at Throop was considered to be the cause of his slaying. I'll tell about this as I heard it from miners who were there.

Stool Pigeons Call Meeting

The Underwood Colliery is several miles out from Scranton and perhaps 20 miles from Pittston, where Pace lived. But the little distance didn't bother him. There was work for a class conscious man at Underwood. The company stool pigeons had called a meeting quietly. They had buzzed the word around that there was to be a union meeting at the local's hall. It was a fake call, of course, but about 125 miners, or ten percent of the total employed at this mine, were deceived or wanted to be deceived, and attended. Pace got wind of the scheme, to get a back-to-work vote through the meeting, something for the newspapers to emblazon in their headlines.

The meeting came to order, with a stool pigeon in the chair. The brothers were told that the Pennsylvania Hillside Company was very kind and fair and would remedy their grievances no doubt. They were told that they were very very foolish to defy their own international union. Just go back to work and your grievances will be fixed up, was the word.

Pace is usually slow of speech but the words came fast as he took the floor and exposed the trick. The stool pigeons tried to shout him down but he was not the kind that could be downed readily. He told the men their only hope was in fighting, that the company had refused to redress grievances, even after the official conciliation board had decided against it. He told them that the district officials and the international union had broken promises before: two strikers had been called off on the district president's promise to have the grievances adjusted and the grievances were not adjusted. Now the men must keep up the fight until they win.

Pace left, taking a group of men with him. A back-to-work resolution was jammed through those that remained but it was robbed of its punch. The opposition was angry. They showed it as Pace left. **Six state policemen stationed outside the hall seized Pace. You have heard of the Pennsylvania constabulary, the "cossacks" of ill fame. They held the striker and frisked him and then let him go with ill grace, threatening him if he should ever come back that way.** But Pace got out and went before the real men of the Underwood local. There was another meeting in the hall with 800 men present and a unanimous vote to keep up the fight. The newspapers played up the story of the stool pigeon back-to-work resolution and ran company officials' stories that 450 men were working again, but these lies didn't go over with the local men. The strikers had pickets on the job and the total number of scabs was only 26, with few coal diggers among them.

Union Striker Murdered

Soon after, one dark night, Sam Pace was riddled with bullets as he was coming home to his little cottage on the outskirts of Pittston. Who killed him? The police are supposed to be making an investigation but it is a safe bet that no one will ever be put on trial for the murder. How different it would be if a coal operator had been slain?

Last reports are that another striker has been slain.

It's an "outlaw" strike the Pennsylvania-Hillside miners are having. District President Rinaldo Cappellini and his executive board refused to recognize it. International President John L. Lewis sent a commission of five old U. M. W. of A. machine men and they reported against the strikers. So the charters of ten locals were taken away and their funds tied up.

You see the strike was called during the term of a time agreement. The Pennsylvania-Hillside com-

pany had broken this agreement in several places, the strikers claimed, but the U. M. W. of A. hierarchy is disposed to be tolerant towards such infractions. What it will not tolerate is a rank and file strike.

District President Cappellini admits that the men have some real grievances but he argues for regular and constitutional methods of adjusting them. It was not long ago that Cappellini was the arch outlaw striker of them all. In fact until shortly before his election as district president two years ago Cappellini was the foe of conservative officialdom in the entire anthracite field. Four years ago he was the most talked of figure in an unofficial strike of 20,000 men. But something happened to Cappellini. Anyhow, he has changed his tactics and now condemns unauthorized strikes and argues for constitutional methods.

Conciliation Machinery Worthless

The strikers have tried the conciliation machinery Cappellini talks of and without success, as far as concerns the ten-months'-old grievances for which they have been striking. W. W. Iglis, chairman of the conciliation board, the machinery representing labor and capital set up in the anthracite fields, has decided against the company in several cases but Manager Morris goes his own sweet way without making any alterations.

Cappellini has been belittling some of the grievances, though admitting others. **But they can't be belittled to the miners who see their bi-weekly pay envelope reduced in consequence.** The grievances relate to working conditions. The miners work under the piece work system—that is, most of them do—and bad working conditions mean bad wages.

For instance, if the men get cheap powder for the price of good powder, and they have to use more of it, thus spending a larger percentage of their money for powder, their pay is actually reduced. That is one thing that has happened.

Again if men, paid by the ton for the coal they dig, are put on rock tunnelling for a long period of time at a low day wage, with the result that the bi-weekly envelope shows a big drop, that is another serious matter to the head of a household of hungry mouths. And that is another grievance that crops up. What makes it harder to bear is that the company will promise these men that they will make it up for them later on by giving them high paying work in the coal—and then, when the tunnelling is done, lay them off.

Laying off of men without consent of the union is a fundamental grievance. In the Ewen Colliery, where Sam Pace worked, 120 men had been laid off when a particular mining job was over. The union is supposed under the agreement to have something to say about such things but the union was not consulted. The grievance committee demanded that the men be given other jobs. The company was shown that the idle men could be absorbed if the company would take three men into a working place instead of two. And the conciliation board, the regular "constitutional" machinery, decided that the com-

pany must comply. General Manager Morris paid no attention. To hell with the agreement.

General Strike Sentiment Strong

The Pennsylvania-Hillside miners are not the only ones with grievances. There are 48,000 other miners in District 1 of the United Mine Workers and a total of about 150,000 in the entire anthracite field. The 48,000 are divided up among several companies and their troubles are very similar to those of the Pennsylvania-Hillside men. A general unofficial strike of the entire district seemed on the point of breaking out at the end of the year. It was halted by representatives of the strikers themselves, while an appeal was made to the district officials for a special convention. They are not getting the convention.

The opportunity for a vastly bigger rank-and-file strike may have been lost but it is significant that the rank and file has developed an unofficial organization that can function. This organization consists of the united grievance committees of the respective locals. The grievance committees of the ten striking locals constitute a strikers' committee and the grievance committee of all the locals of the district,

representing 60,000 workers, recently held a conference at which they discussed what action should be taken. District President Cappellini opposed this conference but could not stop it.

This rank-and-file movement may gain or not gain but it is a very important phenomenon which readers of *Industrial Pioneer* should watch. The outhlaw anthracite strike may end in out and out defeat or the strikers may go back on promises that are made, perhaps to be broken. Or again the strike may spread before the next issue of the *Industrial Pioneer* is out. The writer of this is not a prophet, but he regards the movement now going on in the hard coal fields as something that every class conscious worker should watch keenly. Those strikers are our fellow workers and we are theirs.

* * *

Sam Pace is buried. So have been many other victims of the bullet and the rope in the hard coal fields from the days of the Molly McGuires down. But he will not be forgotten by those who knew him and his work as an earnest union fighter against oppression.



An Appeal

By HAL BROMMELS.

Life is too brief to utter blund'rous words—

One misplaced word can wreck a mortal mind,

One evil hint can end a bright career—

We should be prudent when we judge, and kind.

We should inspire, cheer, encourage, help

Brothers who struggle Freedom's rocky
way.

We disagree, at times, and then call names;

Our enemy, he laughs—and holds the sway.

Brothers unite, go hide the ancient grudge;

Dig under earth the groundless hate you bear.

We shall achieve the goal we all aspire

When we have learned to treat each other fair.





This is the field where 2,300 workers were camped in pup tents on the Durst ranch in 1913. Note outhouses.

Wheatland

The Bloody Hop Field



By ED DELANEY

California's Criminal Syndicalism bill, which became a legal stain in 1919, had its foul roots in the soil of oppression for many years. Persecution of our members in that state by both legal and extra-legal means under the statutory sanction and its moral approbation has been so bitterly concentrated that too little thought is given to the long line of brutalities preparing the way for such a law. In this historical resume is vividly pictured just one scene of the long tragedy enacted there. Read this story and help in the struggle of the California Defense to liberate Fellow Worker Herman Suhr, who was sentenced for life and has been imprisoned for eleven years at Folsom for his loyalty to the working class.

THE announcement made recently by the California Branch of the General Defense Committee that it is attempting to secure a pardon for Fellow Worker Herman Suhr, now in Folsom Prison serving a life sentence, recalls the Wheatland hop fields strike and the subsequent murder trial in which Herman Suhr and Richard Ford were convicted. The Defense Committee states that it has secured signatures of seven out of the eight surviving jurors who convicted these two men. Judge McDaniels who sentenced them, and Attorney Carlin, the special prosecutor who acted for the state in the case, refused to sign a petition asking for a pardon for Suhr. They refuse in spite of the fact that the men were innocent. This may seem somewhat incongruous to one not familiar with the causes leading up to the riot and the trial itself. To relate those incidents is now in order.

The industrial depression of 1913 is one that will live long in the memory of the workers. It was the old story of overproduction (really underconsumption) which necessarily resulted in a large army of unemployed, drifting from place to place pursuing the necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Daily, one could see hundreds, yes, thousands of workers trudging along the county roads of California seeking employment. Their bodies were so emaciated that they seemed like skeletons; eyes bulging from sockets like marbles fixed in their skulls. Their skin was dry and parched from a merciless sun that sent thermometers up to 120 degrees. Their clothing was pieced together from old rags and burlap. It partly covered them, but here and there reddened skin showed through. When economic conditions are like that one can readily understand why the workers toiled for a bare subsistence when fortunate enough to obtain the jobs so many needed.

There were some 2300 such workers—men, wom-

en and children—speaking 27 different tongues, gathered together on the Durst ranch, which is adjacent to the village of Wheatland, California. These workers were picking hops. Conditions under which they were forced to live were such that the lowest of mammals would have rebelled.

Picture a field of 600 acres dotted with small pup tents wedged one against another, and at their ends old irrigation ditches filled with reeking garbage. To the north stands a huge barn. At its side, extending half the width of the field is thrown a manure pile, which sends up its stenching fumes while millions of flies and gnats swarm over it. At long intervals old wooden pumps are located. Around each can be seen mud puddles, the mud seeping down between the warped planking which covers the wells. Off at a distance of seventy-five or a hundred feet stands an open toilet. The floor of this within a ten-foot radius on all sides is covered with human dung. Five such toilets exist, and their filthy condition is due to the appalling

fact that they are the only such receptacles for the entire population of 2300 workers. Being in close proximity to the wells whose water is used for all purposes, one cannot guard very well against the danger of typhoid and other contagious diseases contracted by drinking impure water and bathing in it.

With that ugly picture in mind, visualize these 2300 human beings bustling around in the early morning preparing for their day's toil. In front of each lavatory a long line of these unfortunates await their turn. Men, women and children all using the same toilets, forced to throw all modesty to the four winds and frequently to use the open fields. After snatching a hasty breakfast they rush to the adjoining hop fields to put in fourteen or sixteen hours at hard labor in a pitiful attempt to eke out this sub-swinish existence.

They are paid at the rate of fifty cents for a hundred pounds of hops picked. Their picking must be done very carefully to avoid getting leaves and grasses in with the hops as their employer demands that they be absolutely clean or else they shall be docked so much a hundred pounds. Women are struggling with the tall hop vines as no high pole men are employed. The heat is intense and no drinking water is at hand. If they want a drink of water they are obliged to walk back a mile to the wells. It is true that lemonade is sold on the fields, and this keeps the water off because a cousin of the employers has the "lemonade concession" and an order was issued to stop the menace to profits of free water. The lemonade sells at five cents a glass. The "lemonade" is made of acid that is so strong that drinking it causes sickness. Did I say no water was allowed to be brought to the fields? Well, not exactly, as the lemonade wagon carried some water but the workers could not get any of it to drink unless they first purchased lemonade.

That, in brief, is a very truthful and conservative picture of what those workers were forced to put up with. Finally one ex-member of the I. W. W., Richard Ford, came along and talked to these workers. He explained to them the power of industrial organization. A meeting was held on August 3, 1913, and it was decided that they would ask Durst for better conditions or else strike for them. Durst asked for an hour to consider, which time was granted by the workers. Then they assembled around a platform in Wheatland to await his reply. **Durst called up the sheriff and prosecuting attorney in Marysville. This was how he was using the hour. The official appealed to responded with two cars loaded with armed men.**

Upon driving up where the strikers were assembled the officers opened fire on the crowd, which resulted in the death of four men, two officers, District Attorney Ed Manwell and Deputy Sheriff Reardon, and two hop pickers, an unknown Porto Rican and an unknown Englishman.

Later Richard Ford and Herman Suhr were indicted on the charge of murder. Another complaint was lodged against Walter Bagan and William Beck. On January 31, 1914, the jury acquitted Bagan and Beck and convicted Ford and Suhr of murder in the second degree. On February 5th Judge McDaniels sentenced the men to life imprisonment.

The evidence which was submitted during the trial absolutely vindicated these two men. But justice was not what was wanted. Marysville wanted blood, and not being able to intimidate the jurors to the extent that would bring in the death penalty, they took the next best thing to satisfy their vengeful desires—life for two innocent men in an earthly hell!

On the witness stand Durst, the owner of the hop ranch, testified that there were only eight toilets for all these 2300 people. He further testified that he would not allow the workers to buy food from outside stores, forcing them to buy food in his own store. He admitted that he owned an interest in the lemonade wagon which robbed the workers in his fields. Others testified that the women and children were forced to wait in line at the toilets, sometimes for a quarter of an hour; that the irrigation ditches which ran between the tent rows were filled with refuse and that they were foul places in which diseases might breed. Durst provided no place for garbage to be dumped. Dysentery was common and typhoid fever also developed as a result of these vile conditions.

Deputy Sheriff Starts Riot

Witnesses also testified as to the riot itself. It was proven that when the two cars drove up and after Sheriff Voss had ordered the crowd to disperse that **Deputy Sheriff Reardon clubbed his way through the crowd and raised his gun to fire at Ford.** Then a Swedish girl leaped at Reardon and he turned his gun on the girl, but the unknown Porto Rican interceded, grappling with Reardon, and tearing the gun from his hands he shot Reardon dead, then fired at Manwell, killing him as well. Sheriff Dakens fired a charge of buckshot at the Porto Rican, killing him instantly. There were but few shots fired after that. When the smoke had cleared away the unknown English lad was dead, making the fourth to be killed.

Ford and Suhr were indicted shortly after this. The hop pickers had scattered in every direction and no others but Beck and Bagan were apprehended. Detectives were employed and placed in the cells with Ford and Suhr. They tried in every conceivable way to force the men to incriminate themselves. Dictaphones were used to take down every word that the men spoke. They were forced to remain awake and driven nearly insane by their brutal treatment.

Witnesses for the defense were coerced; one committed suicide, and another attempted to destroy himself. A small boy was kidnapped and held for

weeks. The newspapers carried scathing denunciations of the men and of the I. W. W. These were wild, hair-raising stories that were not true and never could have been proved. But these stories found their way into the hands of the jurymen. This was a case where no one was arrested for attempting to intimidate the jurors.

The two officers who had been killed were natives of Marysville. Judge McDaniels and all the jurors were personal friends of them, as was E. S. Manwell, the assistant prosecutor, who was also the son of the dead district attorney. It is obvious that a change of venue was very necessary to prevent prejudice from foredooming the defendants. But this was denied. Marysville wanted blood and knew that the men would be freed if the case was tried before another judge and a strange jury.

Another queer feature of the case was that Marysville knew hours, yes days, before the trial was over that two of the men were to be convicted and two acquitted. It could be heard on all sides and it was true.

Getting the Verdict

Attorney Carlin in making his argument to the jury stated: "I knew Ed. Manwell, I taught him when he was a child. I taught the lovely girl who became his wife. Many of you knew him. The blood of Ed. Manwell calls from the ground for vengeance." He clung to that theme through his entire argument, dismissing entirely the points in evidence. It was his remarks that caused the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty which placed two men in prison, even though they knew that the men were innocent.

As a result of that verdict two men have since been confined in Folsom Prison. For nearly eleven years they have been buried behind those high, cold gray walls of the Fruit Growers' Association's catcomb on the banks of the American River. They are there today while you read this, paying with their lives the penalty that a corrupt judiciary has imposed. They are immured that the hop growers' profits might not be decreased, and that the same hop growers might go on enslaving workers for all time to come. They are paying that penalty because the ruling class of this nation fears the power of organization on the part of the workers, and knows only one way to allay their fears and gnawing conscience—persecution.

Comes now the California Defense Office with this petition signed by the jurors themselves admitting that the men were innocent. Another petition will be circulated among the people at large asking for their signatures. In the end this will all be taken to the Governor of California and a request made that he grant Herman Suhr a pardon. We cannot predict what the outcome will be. But should this fail to free our imprisoned fellow worker then the matter will lie in your hands—the powerful hands of labor.

Will you pick it up and force the masters of this state to free him by using your economic power? Or will you cast it to the winds in the same apathetic way that labor has cast the freedom of other members of the working class in the past?

NOTE: We have been informed that Richard Ford is seeking a parole independently.—Editor.

SYMBOLS OF REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 24)

the enemy's blows and darts and to enable her to advance. It stands for our scientific unionism by which we expect to repulse attack and with whose protection we can carry all before us to the victory.

What is the victory? The last is a smiling friend of all mankind, offering the fruits of common effort to a common humanity. This is the victory for which we struggle: that all men may live on a better plane of effort and leisure; that one small non-producing class may not have the power to bind another immense producing class in wage slavery; that industrial justice may be brought into the world and on its foundations industrial communism be raised.

A very dangerous symbolism, indeed, to enthrone education, lifting it on high like a beacon light to dispel the gloom of ignorance and demand that the workers embrace it or remain slaves forever. An unpardonable symbolism to show this advancing form, Organization, grim with intent and invincible in its choice of weapons, the weapons of solidarity and courage born of the light of intelligence. An upsetting vision, that woman with an abundance of life's good things for every man, woman and child in the world. So upsetting to those who feast while others starve, who wear soft raiment and revel in luxuries while those who do the world's work are in shoddy and drink to the dregs the bitterness of poverty.

Plenty for all the race depends on the freedom of the working class. Slowly, but with a sure tread that is disconcerting to the parasites of capitalism, the working class is fighting its way to freedom. Do not doubt it. Look to the prisons and the tortures by which a dying economic oligarchy desperately strives to stop the advance. This plan of industrial unionism for proletarian emancipation is here to stay and to grow in spite of the dungeon, the rope, the chair, the firing squad. It is leavening the world with the spirit of industrial freedom and does not stop because courts persecute and mobs murder its exponents.

Let us, then, go forward with a will, educating the working class with renewed vigor and building up our industrial unions as never before. On them depends whether or not the future is to be slave or free, and if we are to be thrust ever lower in the mire of poverty and subjection. Educate, organize and conquer! Then we shall be free. Then begins the true civilization of man.

What Freedom Means to Us

(Continued from page 14)

American history in which the revolutionary aspect entirely overshadowed the immediate demands for improvements in our living conditions which were attached to it. **Demand number one, "Release of all Class War Prisoners," became practically the only demand.** And, knowingly or unknowingly, it is very logical that this should have been the case. With that demand won all the others and a lot more would have fallen to our lot like ripe apples falling from the tree.

The liberation of our fellow workers in prison can be brought about together with our own liberation, or at least a far greater amount of liberty and social comfort than we enjoy at present. The question is not only to get our fellow workers out of prison but also to secure sufficient guarantee that they and we may voice our opinions unmolested and carry on our organization work. It is far more our right to existence as a revolutionary industrial union that is at stake than the liberation of our fellow workers in prison. Were it merely the question of securing their release they could all be out among us if they would promise to cease their organization activity, and none of us would need to jeopardize our small amount of liberty if we would only be good, contented slaves.

But our fellow workers in prison know that such conditional release as is offered them by a Palmer or a Daugherty or by the California Parole Board is no release, no freedom to them. Nothing less than the same right to speak, to write and to organize which they exercised before their imprisonment will satisfy them. To accept the humiliating release offered them by the authorities would only mean that they, at the best, would only have to exchange the federal prison for a state prison or one state institution for another, as none of them have conceded one iota of their revolutionary ideals which brought them into prison and all insist upon voicing their opinions as they see fit.

The Struggle's Real Meaning

And even should they accept such release—which they never will—what would that mean to us? Would not the same forces which brought them behind prison walls on account of their principles also land each and every one of us there if we displayed manhood enough to voice our opinions as they did? Surely it would. So, unless we can, through our organized might, force the prison doors open, we have gained nothing, neither their liberty nor ours. In the last analysis it is not a fight for the liberation of the Class War Prisoners—it is a fight for our own liberation.

It is well for us to remember this, that it is our own liberation that is at stake. Never for a moment let us wrap ourselves up in some kind of a martyr's gloria thinking that we are sacrificing something for our fellow workers in prison. We have nothing to sacrifice for them but our slavery; they are the ones who are sacrificing their very lives for us and

we can never, never repay them. The greatest service we can render them is to open the prison gates for them, and that we can do only when we are strong enough to force at least very great concessions from our masters for ourselves, and at the same time feel secure that we don't have to fill their places in the prison cells. And this alone should be well worth fighting for and richly repay us for our efforts.

So, it should be clear to all of us that our demand, "Release of all Class War Prisoners," is in reality the only demand worth while fighting for, and that its realization means far more concessions to us than we have enumerated along with it. This demand has a real revolutionary aspect because it directly challenges our masters' right and our masters' power to govern our expressions and to determine our conduct as to our organizations. And on the day we can muster sufficient strength to successfully combat our masters in this respect, on that day the eight-hour day, uncensored mail, clean bedding and housing facilities, etc., are ours without even asking for them.

This the master class knows very well, and therefore resists with all its might the release of our fellow workers from prison. It requires an enormous amount of organization work on our part, of propaganda, and of education among the unorganized before we will succeed, but the task is by no means hopeless and, what is more, it must be done. And while we are concentrating on this work we build up our organization. Organization work and defense work are really the same thing. The distinction is only imaginary. The only defense we have and will ever get is our organization and all defense activity that does not tend to develop our organization is no defense work at all.

Why Not Try This?

We have engaged upon a propaganda of a universal boycott of all American-made goods, and California products especially. What effect will such a propaganda and such a boycott have on our organization? If this boycott is to be effective,—and we can and must make it effective—it requires that each and every one of us "ignorant" foreigners in our organization write at least one letter a week to some of our relatives and friends back in the old country and explain to them the boycott and the reason for it. But how are we going to explain this action without giving the details of the persecution sustained by us and also explaining the nature of our organization in order to show our innocence and that the victims in prison should be released? So we will send about a million letters across the seas explaining what the I. W. W. is and so we will receive a million answers with further inquiries, and by the time our boycott is fully developed we will have a million new members in other countries.

Or let us take some particular product upon which we specialize, for an example, say the mov-

ing picture industry. In order to make our action intelligible to them we must show how the silent drama has degenerated to nothing but prostituted capitalistic propaganda instead of what it should be, art. We must show them how the works of such a genius as Ibsen, for instance, such a defiant, rebellious spirit, have been torn to pieces and made over so as to suit the purpose of the very forces which Ibsen attacked. And we must show them the terrible conditions, the starvation and misery under which the workers in this industry live, and last but not least, we must show up the degenerate mental calibre and the surprisingly great ignorance manifested among the stars and heroes and the great producers of this kind of so-called artistry.

And this again brings us another step forward. It shows us that the I. W. W. is something more than a Labor Union. It brings home to us that we are an organic social force, that we are the New Society who must rely upon ourselves to develop our own art, our own literature, and to form and shape our own social life. And with this added understanding of our organization comes a still keener sense of responsibility and still more enthusiasm for our cause.

Is there anyone who thinks that such international solidarity as a world-wide boycott of one country's product really is will be used for this occasion only? Certainly not. The same weapon that can be used now to assist workers in America can and will be used repeatedly the world over, and from such unified universal action to the real International Industrial Union as taught by the I. W. W. is but one little step. So even our fellow workers in foreign countries, by rallying to our call for a boycott, are, in the last analysis, only taking another step forward towards their own emancipation and furthering that international organization which alone can make us free.

As the class war increases in intensity so also is the patriotic feeling played up among the unreflecting masses. The United States is a country where practically all nationalities are to be found, and the master class is very anxious to keep the national antagonisms between workers alive. In so far as they are successful in this respect they are also successful in keeping us divided. To bring about unity and a feeling of fellowship among all the toilers is one of our tasks, and by far not the smallest one.

The Real Division of Toilers

So far as the producers are concerned, there are only two nationalities; the class conscious, intelligent workers and the ignorant, slave-minded workers. These two nationalities are the only ones who play any part in the production of commodities. The parasites are of no concern whatsoever on the field of production; all they do is to see that both the nations are kept fighting each other so as to enable them, the parasites, to steal the product of their toil.

As yet the ignorant and slave-minded nation is numerically far superior to the nation of class conscious, intelligent workers. This condition must be radically changed before we can succeed in estab-

lishing our "Commonwealth of Toil". We have in this country at least 25 million unorganized workers, the great majority of whom have no conception even of the kind of society we are living under, far less of anything new or better. There are seven million colored workers, most of them illiterate and ignorant and all of them unorganized. There are millions of white laborers equally unfortunate in this respect, living under conditions far worse than we endure. All these millions of slaves are a burden on our back and the greatest obstacle on our road to freedom.

Many fellow workers are inclined to believe that to secure for our organization the skilled workers or the ones holding more important positions in the leading industries, such as engineers, mechanics, etc., is far more vital than to secure those uncultivated, downtrodden people; that one member of the former group is equal to several of the latter. I am inclined to believe that we miscalculate in this respect, and that they are equally important at least. We must remember that whatever standard of living we enjoy, can only be determined by a comparison with those who compose the lowest strata of society. Our so very much praised and glorified civilization is in fact resting upon the slum element, the pariahs. Only when these elements succeed in elevating themselves does society as a whole rise to a higher level. By organizing these elements we are gaining control of the very foundation of modern society.

In modern industry there are very few indeed who cannot easily be replaced should they withhold their service from their masters. The sources from which our masters recruit the new elements with which to replace their rebellious slaves is from these underfed and uneducated masses. So long as our standard of living is in any way superior to theirs there is always the fear that they will enter into our places should a vacancy appear. And a strike causes just such a vacancy. And can we blame them for wanting all the good things in life they can possibly get? Or can we blame them for using such tactics when they don't know anything better? Hardly. It is rather fortunate to note that they aspire to something more and better in life than they have even if they try to secure it through strikebreaking tactics. It shows us that the desire is there and all we have to do is to show them how to gain their ends and gain them permanently and honorably.

Favorable Factors

Before we can feel secure in what little we have already gained and hope to gain some more, we must manage to educate and to organize these unorganized masses. The task might seem almost impossible but it is really not so great as it looks. The boss will help us a lot. At the same time he does all in his power to prevent us from entering into their domains, he ships thousands of them into the industries where we are employed, as he hopes to weaken our strength. That gives us a chance to develop organizers among them. At the same time it lessens the congestion on the labor

market in their home territory and makes the remaining forces more willing to listen to our propaganda and to take steps towards improving their own conditions.

The question before us is really to assimilate with us all forces participating in industry. The program of the I. W. W. is not a program of securing ruling power for a few; it is a program of assimilation of all. We are not bent upon getting control over the means of production only in order to rule and govern a mass of subjugated people. We intend to secure the means of production for all the people. We don't simply want a change from the subjugated class to the ruling class; we want to abolish classes. For that reason the slogan, "Put the boss in overalls" is the most beautiful slogan of all. If the "Overalls" are the uniform of the producer, the useful member in society, then it should be the highest honor to don that uniform.

It is very vital that we grasp this clearly, that our object is to abolish classes by means of absorbing all members in society for useful and productive pursuits. That explains why we in the I. W. W. must "all be leaders". Only when men are able to lead and direct their own destiny can leadership and a ruling class be abolished permanently. On that account we must train and educate ourselves sufficiently to be fit members of such a society. But, furthermore, with the immensely great task before us it is necessary that each and every one of our members be so trained and educated that he can lead a group of uneducated and unorganized slaves towards that form of society we are about to establish. It is true that mere membership in the I. W. W. does not qualify for leadership. But that member who does not aspire to be a leader in this respect is no good. His aim and constant endeavor should be to educate and to train himself so as to fill this function in one capacity or another. It must be remembered that all of us are good for something and in that particular line for which we are most adapted we must try to be the best, the leader, be it even in what is considered the least important task.

What A New Society Requires

It is obvious that the gigantic task before us requires great means by which to be brought about. And these means, or tools, we must develop ourselves, the ones used by our enemy cannot be useful for us. We must develop our own press, our own literature, speakers, propaganda mediums, moral code, philosophy, in fact, everything mental and physical that constitutes a society. Again we see how the I. W. W. is a distinct form of society in itself, growing up from already existing conditions. For that reason we must, in particular, increase our press and our publications many times as they are the strongest weapons in our offensive, and we must cultivate libraries and meetings and discussions among the toiling masses for their education. A large daily press, permanent meeting halls, libraries and study courses should be established as fast as we possibly can.

I have dealt with the subject in such a broad manner and with such a wide scope merely because I hope thereby to impress upon our members in particular and all thinking workers in general the immensely great responsibility resting upon us. This is not merely a fight for a little shorter working day or a few more crumbs from our master's table or for the privilege of our fellow workers in prison to walk out to the same drudgery under which we suffer. This is a struggle that makes history; a struggle upon whose success or failure countless millions of toilers and many future generations' happiness and liberty depend. This is a fight not to be taken frivolously but seriously, indeed. And if we do seriously consider our moves and our every action there is no doubt as to our victory in a near future.

Frigid California

ONE plague after another has been the lot of California, romantically called God's country by people too dull to know what an insult it is to any self-respecting deity to be credited with suzerainty over a demesne alternately reeking with hoof and mouth disease, typhoid and smallpox epidemics and the bubonic scourge, to say nothing of its blackest curse, the criminal syndicalism statute.

Obstreperous real estate sharks have held up the Earthquake State's balmy winter climate to entice buyers from afar, concealing, of course, its summer-time heat records. Their advertisements might have seemed very tempting to many last week when Easterners experienced the first cold wave of the winter. But not so alluring was this legendary Golden State seen in the light of fact and not through the smoked glasses of land speculation propaganda. The entire state was gripped by freezing weather, including even such southernmost points as San Diego and the Imperial Valley.

Following is a clipping from a Chicago daily:

And In Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Dec. 27.—(Special.)—So many orange growers in the Los Angeles county hinterland have been burning smudge pots to protect their fruit from temperatures ranging from 27 above down to 19 during the last three nights and days that the resultant pall of oily black smoke today tied up shipping in Los Angeles harbor.

If this sort of thing keeps up pious folks will be calling California not God's country but God's curse. It is beyond the power of the workers, perhaps, to restore the old climate, but fully within their ability to wipe out the plagues, because these plagues breed in the filth of poverty. Let the workers organize and sweep this pestilence into the sea along with the medieval torture of union men that continues to disgrace California.

Literary and Artistic Contest

Substantial Prizes for the Best Manuscript and for the Best Cartoon

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER and INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY have combined to offer a prize of \$75 for the best piece of literature submitted, and a prize of \$50 for the best cartoon submitted. April 15, 1925, is the date for closing the contest, when all manuscripts and drawings must be in the hands of the manager of the two publications.

The best article or fiction work and the best cartoon will be published in the May Day editions of both publications. The other material submitted in the contest is to become the property of the I. W. W. press, to be published either in English or translation by the various editors at their discretion.

All material submitted for the contest should be sent unsigned, but with some identifying mark, to the manager of the Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity, and should be marked "For Solidarity-Pioneer Contest." A separate letter should be mailed at the same time as the manuscript or drawing and should contain the identifying mark inside a sealed envelope on the outside of which is written the contestant's name and address. When the judges have announced their decision these envelopes will be opened. The contest is open to both members of the I. W. W. and non-members.

Several prominent writers and artists are under consideration as judges. Their names will be announced soon, and the men chosen to pass on the merits of the articles, stories and cartoons will be such as to leave no doubt as to their competency and fairness.

Nothing sent in competition for these prizes shall advocate parliamentarianism, religion, class collaboration, co-operative projects, or utopian colonization schemes. Such articles or cartoons will not be considered for the prize.

Manuscripts for the literary prize may be fiction or non-fiction, but not poetry, and must not exceed 5,000 words.

Fiction should embrace some phase of the workers' lives involving the class struggle. Non-fiction may deal with the whole or any part of the field of labor and industry—including organization, history, present tendencies, and future possibilities. The articles may be either general and theoretical or as highly specialized as the author may desire.

Cartoons may be drawn in any medium, but must be dead black on dead white. This does not mean the exclusion of shadings or the use of Chinese white, but it does bar the use of colored inks or crayons. These cartoons should tell the story by means of the drawing and should require little or no lettering on them to make them intelligible.

Cartoons should be of a general propaganda nature and not illustrative of current events, as it may be some time before they are actually printed.

Criticism of Samuel Gompers' Creed

(Continued from page 5.)

agement. It proposes that the employees shall have the right to organize and to deal with the employer through selected representatives as to wages and working conditions. . . There is no belief held in trades unions that their members shall control the plant or usurp the rights of the owners.

There you have it, a yellow that endures, fit credo for any whey-faced bootlicker, and the whine by which he wanted to placate the Open Shoppers. It had been a bad year for Sam. After the steel strike of 1919 the industrial peace council met in which the bosses were represented. Sam's crowd were on hand, and others presented themselves to stand for that fetish known as the Public. When the war-profits-fattened bosses refused to agree even to Sam's mild collective bargaining sugar-teat the old fellow got angry and told the body that such refusal placed them in the same category with the I. W. W. because, he warned them, the I. W. W. Preamble starts out with the words "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." Sam's cry was like this in substance: "After all I've done for you, you've turned me down. You won't even agree that the workers and bosses have collective bargaining in common, so you're proving that the Wobs are right!"

Betrayal of Steel Strike

Poor Gompers! He never forgot his masters. But he should have known better, because in 1912 he wrote about the implacable enmity of the steel trust, and did nothing to strengthen the steel slaves' chances against this growing monster. What happened in 1919 was inevitable. The workers put up a splendid battle but were foredoomed to failure when 24 separate unions, greedy for per capita taxes and jealous of jurisdiction, pretended to seriously oppose the trust. William Z. Foster has given us a record of this contest in which he repeatedly illustrates the attitude of these autonomous craft headquarters when confronted by the natural tendency of the strikers to join forces in industrial phalanx. The union leaders smashed the strike into which they had hypocritically entered with donations of \$100 from each treasury, or a total of \$2,400 with which to launch a fight against the billions of Emperor Steel! All the more significant when we consider how much importance they attach to funds for relief purposes.

Gompers was willing to concede anything if only the capitalists would embrace collective bargaining and insure a numerous progeny in contractual relations. Of the latter he had this to say in 1916:

These industrial contracts between workers and employers are the mile-stones of industrial progress.

To secure these mile-stones Sam would hang mill-stones around the slave's neck. He early learned

the value of psychologizing his followers into the habit of associating all antagonists with bombs and firebrands. At the Nashville convention in 1897 he advocated evolution's unruffling sway, and opposed revolution's disturbing surge. In 1916 he named among "predatory forces that menace the welfare of wage-earners," extremes of which

Their highest fringe contains the irreconcilable impossibilists who think that nothing but revolution and destruction can right the wrongs of the workers.

Helping The Inquisition

Going into the war spirit with a will he and his machine became the most vicious of stoolpigeons, betraying to the authorities any of their own members or other workers who expressed a broader vision of working class destiny than kissing the boss' foot to beg a wretched existence. These authorities, as usual, slavishly served the needs of industrial oligarchy. The Gompers cabal pledged this pernicious support in the name of patriotism, promising to assist the professional spies of capitalism in every way possible. So far did they go in furtherance of this treacherous alliance that A. Mitchell Palmer, wartime United States Attorney General, who made an ass of himself in his "Red Raids," publicly thanked Gompers twice for "the aid rendered the Department of Justice in rounding up the I. W. W. organizers and militants." We are reminded again that "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels."

Gompers was active in the formation of the National Civic Federation, of which he was vice-president and August Belmont, who died the same day, was president, an organization founded to prove that master and slave should be friends, that the exploited should respect and love his robber and that strikes are anathema. A list of the society's prime movers in relief against a background of their industrial activities would be startling, but Sam was quite at home. This labor Perseus did not confront Medusa to slay her but to enter into affectionate alliance and guarantee the runty race of spineless robots she wanted.

Boosting The Right of Bosses

His greatness of heart wherever the employers' welfare was concerned is revealed in the touching simplicity of the following extract from an address before the National Civic Federation in New York City, which was so well seconded by the gang at Washington that it was published in the official organ of the American Federation, February, 1902. Sam said:

In our industrial system of society I would not have the rights of an employer toyed with nor flagrantly violated. . . . There is in our time, if not a harmony of interests . . . yet certainly a community of interests.

It was on such occasions as these that the wily Sam displayed a subtle sense of personal adaptation, and the man whose oratorical thunder was sometimes worthy of a Marat, a Danton or the fiery Heine whom he professed to admire, remembered to act like the Romans when in Rome. But, after all, hobnobbing with N. C. F. representatives was not so foreign to his natural tendency, since both his salary and other emoluments had long since raised him out of the mire of the working class, and his distinctly personal interests shorn of organizational contacts were bourgeois. When a union official receives a salary anywhere from five to twenty-five times the income of the average member he is supposed to represent, he has been placed in the ruling class. His pay enables him to live in a home of his own, superior to the homes in which workers dwell; he fattens on a different fare; he may have a servant to assist or relieve his wife in the household; his clothing is better; he has money in the bank, and in time makes investments—in short, he has become a petit bourgeois. Such an economic environment makes him quite contented with the good old world as it is, and it is very natural that he should staunchly support its social bulwarks.

When Gompers had won his spurs as a faithful lackey of the rulers he was repeatedly invited to address gatherings of bankers and industrial magnates. Chambers of commerce were glad to hear him, so they wined him and dined him and he said what they wanted him to say, purporting to be the voice of several million union workers. In Boston he was banqueted by the officials of the building trades union and the contractors on January 7, 1920, at which festive moment he again stressed the feasibility of cordial relations between boss and worker. This banquet was a celebration of the amicable termination of an industrial dispute between building workers and their employers. This is mentioned because such gatherings were typical. The following night he spoke, by invitation, to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and was careful to say:

The American labor movement is not at war with society. It seeks to overthrow nothing.

Says Law-Breaking Got Results

Presently we intend to discuss the rewards of this constant anxiety, but before going into that matter it is interesting to hear one who so vociferously disapproved of direct action relating an outstanding instance of its successful application. For years and years he had been cautioning the workers to remain strictly within the law, conveniently forgetting, or perhaps regretting, his disobedience to Justice Wright who, in 1908, sentenced him to a year in jail for contempt, although this sentence was later set aside by the United States Supreme Court. This was in the Bucks Stove and Range Company case. Judicial facility to meet employers' needs has been frequently manifested, and how would Gompers counsel in such an exigency as that forced by the Anderson injunction tying up the funds of the Mine Workers' Union to prevent relief from being

given striking coal miners? Union officials can either break the law by disbursing relief or break the strike by keeping the law.

When Gompers appeared before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, January 3, 1919, he delivered himself of this opinion on compulsory arbitration in Colorado and how it was received by certain workers:

A little more than a year and a half ago, in spite of the law, the workmen, failing to secure redress at the hands of the commission or the board, simply struck.

They violated the law. They were lawbreakers. But they quit work and got quicker action at the hands of the employers who have recognized since then the proper standards and conditions that should prevail and should have prevailed for a long time previously.

Contradicts Himself

Last year the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision invalidating the minimum wage law for women, which recalls his testimony on the same subject before the Industrial Relations Commission in New York City in 1914, where he said:

In my judgment the proposal to establish by law a minimum wage for women, though well meant, is a curb upon the rights, the natural development, and the opportunity for development, of the women employed in the industries of our country.

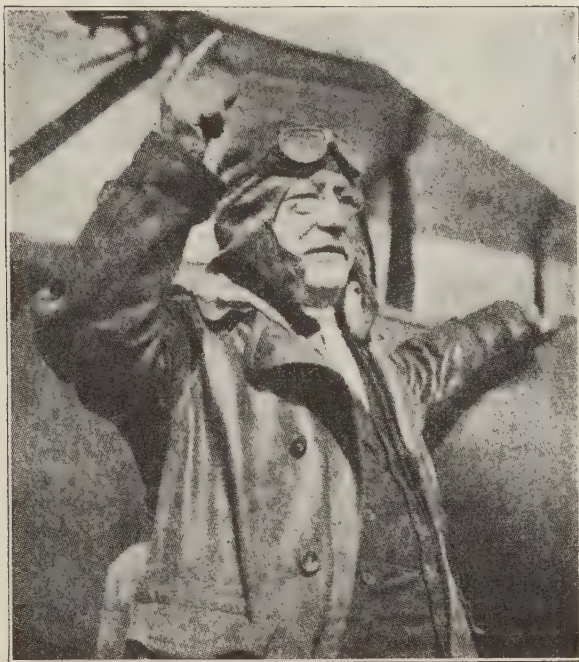
Was Sam afraid that such legislation would deprive him of a talking point, which would in turn decrease the numbers of women organized to attain and maintain wage levels thus effecting a diminution of per capita tax? The rest of his talk is sheer poppycock—all that about her natural development, her opportunities and rights. Gompers well understood that while there is little chance for any natural, healthful development of man in American industries, there is still less for woman, who is biologically more unsuited to its peculiar exactions. He suggests having thought somewhat along these lines when he gave a Senate commission this testimony in 1904:

Our opponents talk of men losing their individuality when they join a labor organization. That is absurd. As soon as a workman enters a modern industrial plant he has lost his individuality. . . . He is simply one cog in the great wheel of industry. He is one atom in the great aggregate of employees who furnish the finished product.

With which we entirely agree, pointing out that it was even more pertinent ten years later when he blathered about natural development. Such an unfolding of any human being must have first consideration of the individual as an individual. How then are cogs and atoms to develop, as Gompers intimates?

The Cat Let Out of the Bag

At El Paso last November he made a most significant remark, which explains why craft unions are continued with all their archaic regalia, separate sets of officers, duplication of function, district par-



"Pie In The Sky"? Sam went to a labor convention in an airplane and here he is about to start on the flight.

celing, and their contract policy by which has been lost every important strike they have waged in the last few years. He said:

Office in the labor movement now offers opportunity for something in addition to service—it offers opportunity for the self-seeker who sees an instrumentality for personal advancement both in the economic and political field.

Office in his "movement" never meant anything else, but there is one further remark that he made which is worth quoting. After the A. F. of L. convention at El Paso he went to Mexico City to attend the inauguration of President Calles. The new Mexican president gave a banquet in Gompers' honor, although feasting laborites while the great masses suffer hunger confers not honor but dishonor. However, Gompers, so soon to leave off all feasting forever, sang his swan song in this note at that moment:

Radicalism, so far as the future is concerned, is dead. Now is the time to bury it. Reconstruction alone can save the world from the terrible consequences of a future world war. Labor and capital must understand one another in mutual interest in the coming generations.

Lifelong Service to Greed

What fidelity to corporate wealth! No wonder that his death was mourned by this country's Teapot Dome president, by bankers and business men, by all who thrive on the exploitation of the working people that Gompers, more than any other man, endeavored to keep from class cohesion which is the only basis upon which they can ever build their freedom. Other men have driven their spasmodic thrusts to preserve the class unconsciousness which

enslaves American workers; Gompers' whole long life was dedicated to the task.

He praised the workers for turning "a deaf ear to all the chimerical schemes advocated by would-be social revolutionists," and lauded them for "steadily persevering in their efforts to alleviate their sufferings little by little, as their power of mutual helpfulness gradually increased with time."

Little by little, indeed! And what are the facts surrounding this painfully slow alleviation, he alleged to be in process? The greatest sum total of material wealth ever massed in history belongs to a small, ruthless industrial and financial autocracy which has been steadily increasing its possessions and rendering the workers' position more wretched, insecure and helpless. The American Federation of Labor has never made any real effort to reach the great majority of these workers, while it sorted lone trades in the pigeonholes of ineffectiveness and damned every attempt of the workers to advance not from a caste position but from a class foundation.

Reward of Conservatism

The results of such treacherous partitioning are to be seen on all sides. In the main there are about ten unorganized workers to every one in a union; in the trade unions themselves we find single crafts opposing industrial unity of capital while other crafts under the same management continue to serve this capital. Where an industrial union form obtains, as in the United Mine Workers of America, district divisions, in lieu of craft distinctions, lead to working class defeat. Strikes are called by districts and settled by districts, and the miners, with other workers, find themselves worse off as the years pass.

Gompers opportunism instead of inculcating freer thoughts and making his followers more manly and womanly, as he boasted, robbed them of the power to think freely and stifled the natural manhood and womanhood they owned, for how can a legitimate claim to these virtues be made when they accept wage slavery as eternal and right? What is manhood unless it is the free stature of men bound by no shackles? What is womanhood unless it is equally unfettered? And why should the producers of all the world's wealth permit a parasitic minority to possess their creations?

Based upon a social lie this misguided "expediency" cannot do other than breed disastrous error. The I. W. W. truth that there is nothing in common between master and slave is hard swallowing for those who wish to bask in the smiles of rulers, just as it will be a bitter medicine for the employing class whenever the workers shape their course on a knowledge of this opposition of interests.

Relatively, the working class is poorer now than at any other time in history, sharing in a smaller percentage of wealth than any previous subject class. Chattel slaves were sure of nourishment, a roof, covering for their limbs; what security belongs to the millions of unemployed wage slaves of this day? Can anyone expect that they are going to

gain security by meekness; by dividing their numbers while the common enemies unite forces and mass capital under centralized direction? These are questions that workers must consider and finally answer.

If the A. F. of L. could not tolerate working class solidarity within America its nationalist isolation is a corollary to be expected, and while its leaders vermiculated to the satisfaction of big business here, their refusal to come out of their shell and see the working class of the world was equally pleasant to international finance. Gompers' color-blind eyes made even yellow Amsterdam seem too red to have anything to do with.

In biographies of this man which are sure to follow, sentiment and romance will play their major part, but we have felt uninterested in his domestic life because we are concerned only with him as an embodiment of the spirit of his organization, and the non-affiliated extensions of that spirit. Biographers will tell how he first saw the light of day in 1850 and that he became a cigarmaker in America, where he was brought by his parents when a small boy. They will relate his love of music, poetry, flowers and little children—that last always makes a decided hit, the great man of worldly affairs forgetting all else to lift up a smiling child and kiss its pudgy cheek. You will learn—if you read the biographers—of Sam's happy family life, and of his devotion to his friends; of his innate kindness with all associates. Well no harm in saying those good things for a man with so many indictments against his memory. In this place we have not joined the panegyrists, but neither have we swung in the other direction, delicacy of feeling, for example, preventing us from giving Gompers' real reason for opposing prohibition, a phobia quite as pronounced in him as it is in H. L. Menck-en. Let romance have its fling, but not here.

We have often been chided because our revolutionary program moves so slowly, but if that of craft union

hand - to - mouth opportunism, requiring only a modicum of intelligence and a minimum of courage has accomplished so little of its task during the past fifty-four years of its existence, it is hardly consistent to ask for a speedy achievement of a purpose that demands a broader understanding of life and sufficient backbone to fight for a world for its workers.

The open shop drive and unemployment have both made a mark upon Federation membership, a steady decline in numbers being reported since 1920 when the convention report gave 4,078,740 for that year against 3,906,528 for 1921, 3,195,635 for 1922 and 2,926,468 for 1923, a loss of 1,152,272 members in the period. It was estimated that 60,000 more dropped out last year. Apparently, this does not greatly worry its officialdom, their sinecures still being secure, and the successor to Gompers, William Green, treasurer of the Mine Workers, says he intends continuing the fossilized policy. Green has been in the Ohio legislature as a standpatter, so he is thoroughly qualified.

There is a "spirit of righteousness" in nearly all of these craft union leaders that was overwhelming in Gompers. Five years ago he appeared before the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Mellowed by good fellowship and other things, he excogitated with the deep feeling such an occasion warranted:

It has been my pleasure to work with the American labor movement all my life from my young boyhood up to this hour, and I can recall with the greatest satisfaction its consistent, progressive, liberty-loving, patriotic course. When I shall have done my work, whatever it may be, if the world will remember me for five minutes after I am gone and say "He tried to be of service to his fellows in life" I shall be content.

Wherefore he was so remembered long enough for them to lay his dead body in Sleepy Hollow where rest the ashes of various of the fellows he tried to serve, not the least of whom was a donor of libraries and the author of the Homestead Massacre.



BARTER OF FLESH, by Mary Hope, a colorful scene in the lives of a little Italian family harnessed to our drab machine dictatorship is a story that you'll remember.

CIVILIZATION IN EASTERN KENTUCKY, by Alonzo Walters, is a gripping word picture of the effects of coal operations on the populace of a picturesque region. It will hold your interest.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER for MARCH will carry these and other excellent features. Send in your subscription!

What Ails California?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

II

IT is easy enough to rave about California,—or to rail at her. There has been much of the former, deliberately promoted by the swarms of realty sharks who have fattened on the suckers they have attracted to these waters, and on a host of others who could hardly be described as suckers, but whose cravings for a comfortable climate have proven the opportunity of the land and home exploiters here. The annals of this particular form of modern piracy as they have been written in innumerable tragedies of disappointment and disaster in California there is no space here to emphasize or detail.

That there should be some swing toward the dispraise of California now is not to be reckoned strange. The note of criticism is by no means new. Back in the Fifties of the last century, when California was in the first flush of its world reputation, that curious American author, Hinton Rowan Helper, the author of a book on his native southland almost as famous and as fiercely acclaimed and hated as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published a volume on California entitled, "The Land of Gold," which "knocked" the Golden State worse than anything that has been written since. The book seems to have had little effect, and is almost forgotten now, as is the author, despite his later sensational success with "The Impending Crisis of the South," referred to above. The California State Library in Sacramento has a copy of it, but elsewhere I have never laid my eyes on it, though it makes interesting reading now. Helper traveled quite extensively in California and thought it about the most unpromising state in the Union from the viewpoint of permanent development and population. He had none of the gift of sarcasm that Mencken has, nor did he deal with the "moronism" of the people here, that term having neither form nor standing then. But California survived his attack as it seems likely to survive the criticisms of our day.

The raving and the railing, either for or against California, are apt to be more superficial than studious. And even when studied criticism of the state is applied it is likely to deal with detail, incident and statistics rather than with the fundamental issues which are involved in the development of this great western commonwealth. There are not many Californians, and there are few Americans outside of California, who understand why California is what it is today, or the directions in which the main currents of social evolution are moving here. The failure to understand California is part of our general failure to understand the America of the present age.

Two quite simple, or at least quite undeniable facts, are the keys to real understanding of the California of our time. The first is the fact that California is the Empire State of the Pacific side of the United States. The second is the fact that this is the twentieth century, and in particular it is the first half of that century. What the second half of the century may have to say, or even the second quarter of the first half, it is perhaps too soon for us to tell. But the **where** and **when** of California are as important to the understanding of the state as it is just now, as these two items are to the understanding of United States' history as a whole. California is **what** she is today because she is **where** she is. California is **what** she is today because she is **when** she is.

Just now it is quite the vogue to explain California, I know, by the size of the mid-western migration here. There is force in the dramatization of Los Angeles as the other end of the road which begins at Gopher Prairie, the western terminus of "Main Street." Sixty and seventy thousand people can be gotten together at an Iowa picnic, or a Minnesota doings. One of my radical friends, usually refers

to Aimee Semple McPherson's great "Angelus Temple" as "Moronia Temple." The town itself might well be dubbed "Moron City." Probably nowhere in America is there so large an aggregation of people who represent so little of intellectual and artistic and creative life as do the people of Los Angeles. A casual view of the faces of the crowd here is appalling for the vacuousness which prevails. And this, which manifests itself visibly in the facial vistas of the street, is confirmed by a study of the schools, the churches, the courts and the club life here. **Standardized mediocrity is enthroned in stolid sovereignty here.**

But that is only to say that Los Angeles represents the America which has emphatically come to pass in the imperializing process which has been going on in the United States so swiftly during the last thirty years. That process did not originate in the Pacific, and its strength is not here. But the Pacific is the field in which it has its most obvious exhibit and where its crises are likely to develop and be fought out. The Hawaiian Islands which we took over in 1898 are in the Pacific. The Philippines, in whose waters Admiral Dewey won the first notable sea battle of our American Imperialism, are farther yet into the Pacific. Here is Guam, and here is our Samoan naval outpost. And the Panama Canal itself was built for the sake of giving the United States the greatest foothold of all for the mastery of the Pacific. The American Empire, though it may have its financial capital on Wall Street, and though Pennsylvania may continue to be the "keystone" of its economic arch, is going to be, as it is already, prominently and peculiarly the empire and the epoch of the Pacific.

California, moron as it is in vast masses of its population, whether from the mid-west or elsewhere, is beginning to sense this situation, and the signifi-

cance of it to the Golden State. **Nowhere is there more effective and intelligent organization of the forces of imperialism than on the Pacific Coast.** From Seattle to San Diego the men of Big Business are keenly conscious of the fact that "the star of empire," having swung as far westward as it could, is moving toward what we have long known as "the Far East," which is actually the Far West for us. Asia is the field of most promising exploitation now. And Japan is the most formidable power standing between us and the looting of the vast natural resources and the immeasurable masses of cheap labor yonder beyond the setting sun. Our international policy in California, and our industrial policy at home, are both dominated more and more by this rising vision of Pacific power.

The thing that ails California is the itch for empire. Empire eastward, in the United States, she could hardly expect to seize as against Chicago and New York, and the rest of Atlantic America. But empire westward, toward the islands of the Pacific and the great Asiatic mainland, is manifestly hers, if she can lead the United States in a policy of domination and exploitation there. And this she is doing at a rate which few Americans either inside or outside of California realize unless they are in on the game.

Why They Hate the I. W. W.

Far apart as may seem to be the ruthless warfare of the patrio-maniacs and the politicians on the Pacific Coast, especially here in California, against the Industrial Workers of the World at home, and against the Japanese abroad, they are manifestations of the same motive power and the same mood. Back of them both is the grasp for empire. The I. W. W. are in the way of this economic imperialism at home. The Japanese are in the way of the same imperialism abroad. And California is the leader in the aggressiveness of the whole imperialistic swing. That swing will tolerate nothing that interferes with the building up of sea mastery, shipping from port to port, inter-state and trans-Pacific commerce.

It will be said that anti-Asiatic feeling manifested itself in California long before the rise of our Pacific power, or the dream of it, in the Chinese sand lot riots of nearly half a century ago. True. But the movement was industrial then, the timidity of labor against Asiatic competition. That fear, surviving yet, is being played upon now to strengthen the present movement against the Japanese. But the anti-Japanese movement is not original with

labor. It is much higher up in its beginnings and inspiration. Neither is the fear of the I. W. W. one that has its rootage with the common people. Popular prejudice against the I. W. W. is press-made, and manufactured for the Chambers of Commerce and their kind. San Pedro is the port of Los Angeles, the key to a Pacific sovereignty for this city and all Southern California. When the I. W. W. touch the shipping, at either San Francisco or San Pedro, they are touching the apple of the capitalist eye in California. Both Japanese and I. W. W. are stirrers up of trouble in the back country, it is true, in the orchards and vineyards of the big interior valleys. But this would, in itself, have spent its force, as the Chinese agitation did, if there had not been tied up with it a threat to this Pacific imperialism which is growing apace in recent years. California is out to be the king pin in the United States domination of the great western ocean and the vast eastern or western world that lies beyond it. And woe to labor folks who get in the way of this program at home, or the Asiatic nation that seeks to step between us and sovereignty across the seas.

California's Vengeful Ferocity

Explanations of California's reaction to the I. W. W. on the basis of mental or moral inferiorities or peculiarities are beside the mark, however plausible may be the massing of incidents which seem to confirm them. California folks are after all much as other people are, neither better nor worse, as the country goes. But the California of today is growing not only in population and wealth, it is growing in imperial consciousness and organization. And it is this situation, far more serious than the passing hysteria of war, or the ebullitions of personal and mob violence which we have to meet. The epidemic of world dominion which is sweeping all America manifests itself here in vengeful ferocity toward the common labor folks who have been rallied under the standards of the I. W. W., the migratory workers who are themselves at the farthest remove from imperial moods and ambitions, and manifests itself also in an increasing arrogance and insolence toward the one nation across the sea which seems most likely to interfere with our program there. And beyond this, though there is no space to discuss the matter here, it will be found that our rock-ribbed opposition to Russia is rooted in the same ambition of America to dominate the ancient eastern world in its new movement toward the epoch of the machine.

THE MARCH PIONEER will present another of Robert Whitaker's valuable articles, "Labor and the American Empire." You must be sure to read the masterly work of this scholarly historian who interprets current and past events in the light of their world-wide economic significance. Dr. Whitaker writes from California where he is editing the Civil Liberties Union journal called "The Open Forum," and is also active in the field work against gagging freedom of speech and press.

The Work People's College

WHERE INDUSTRIAL UNIONISTS ARE EFFICIENTLY EDUCATED

By KRISTEN SVANUM

IF you followed the advice "mail that coupon to-day" for some time ago;—if you are sitting up nights cudgeling your brains over mail-order courses teaching how to become a "big executive" if you are lying awake nights building air castles on that foundation and muttering in your sleep: "Here is another fifty dollars, Grace, I am making real money now"—In short, if you think that your main chance in life consists in making an attempt to rise out of your class, this article is not very likely to interest you.

If, on the other hand, you have arrived at the conclusion that individual attempts by you to improve your economic conditions have only an infinitesimal chance for success, and that the only sure way of improving your conditions is through organized effort together with other members of your class, an article on The Work People's College cannot fail to interest you.

As most readers of the Industrial Pioneer have arrived at the second conclusion, there is no need of proving the correctness of it here.

The Work People's College is no technical institution. It does not turn out stenographers, bookkeepers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, mechanics, or any other professionals or tradesmen. Its purpose is to give its students knowledge of the structure, aims, methods and philosophy of the I. W. W. and make them able to become more powerful factors in the class struggle.

The majority of the students are members of the I. W. W. and nobody comes there for any other purpose than that mentioned above. The classes are arranged for the purpose and can roughly be divided into three groups: social sciences, organization work and elementary subjects.

Under the heading of social sciences come economics, sociology, and history of the United States. The importance of a clear understanding and knowledge of these three subjects can hardly be overestimated from the organization point of view.

Curriculum Can't Be Beaten

When you are trying to convince a worker that the I. W. W. is the only organization that has got a practical program worth while, it is not enough to answer his objections by telling him that he is wrong. Such a procedure will usually only irritate him and make him determined not to be convinced, and in that way make it much harder for you.

If you do not know anything about economics, it is very difficult for you to answer even such old and exploded objections as: "What is the use of organizing? If we get higher wages they—the capitalists—will only raise the prices and we shall be no better off". Or, "The high wages caused high prices, that is the reason why we have got a panic now. The only way to get better times is by getting prices down to normal again, and that can't be done without cutting wages". If you are well grounded in Marxian economics, such objections are only grist to your mill. If you are not, chances are that either you or the worker you are trying to convince will lose patience.

Besides freeing you from disadvantages of that kind, to judge intelligently on any industrial problem, it is necessary to have more than a superficial knowledge of the material basis of society, and the only way of acquiring that is through the study of economics.

The average worker has got a vague idea that human institutions have changed, but he often believes that they are no longer subject to such change. A study of sociology will pretty soon explode such beliefs. After having traced the changes of society from primitive communism, through chattel slavery and serfdom, to wage slavery, it is rather easy to see that forces are existing to-day that are going to do away with wage slavery, and to see that these forces are economic and can only be given full play when united in an economic organization—in a union of the working class.

The course in history of the United States is giving special application to the principles arrived at in sociology. At the end of the course the origin of the I. W. W. is described, showing how it grew out of American conditions, and how it has become the natural fighting organization of the American working class.

Under the heading of organization work, three classes are conducted: organization bookkeeping, organization work proper, and industrial survey.

The course in organization bookkeeping covers the field from filling out a job delegate report to keeping the books in the general office; explaining such things as duties of auditing committees, preparing financial statements, etc.

In organization work proper the functions of job delegates, traveling delegates, G. O. C. members and secretaries are described. Parliamentary procedure is taught with special reference to I. W. W. customs and rules at job meetings, branch meetings, committee meetings, conventions, conferences, etc. In the same class the I. W. W. preamble and constitution are analyzed, and many organization and administration problems are examined.

The course in industrial survey is teaching the students how to use statistical handbooks, tables,

etc., to compare results gained through them with their own and their fellow worker's observations on the job, and in that way produce a clear picture of general conditions prevailing in the industry in question.

The elementary subjects cover English and mathematics and are like most other subjects graded, so that the students can study in groups where all have approximately the same knowledge of the subject and the same capacity for studying it.

The advanced grades in the English classes are studying public speaking and labor journalism, not for the purpose of developing into professional soap-boxers and writers, but so that they will be able to give an intelligent account of their ideas, whether it be on the platform or in print.

Costs and Accommodations

The students are living in the college that can house 65 of them. At the present every room is filled; but as arrangements have been made to furnish rooms in the neighboring houses the college is able to accommodate 200 students. The charge is in either case \$39.00 a month for tuition, room and board.

In addition to the regular classes two open forums are conducted every week, where subjects of interest to the labor movement in general and the I. W. W. in particular are discussed. One of the students starts the discussion with an opening speech limited to 40 minutes. After he has answered questions from the audience for 30 minutes, the floor is thrown open for discussion for another 30 minutes, and the speaker has 20 minutes for rebuttal.

Saturday and Sunday there are no classes; these days give the student an opportunity to rest up or, if he so prefers, to study in his room. Every Friday night there is a business meeting where the affairs of the college are decided.

Friday night there is a dance in the college. Besides that, the students have this year already had two entertainments, both of them very successful. The students do not need to go outside the college for recreation or to have any big expenditures for that purpose.

There are a gymnasium and shower baths in the college, and all the implements that are supposed to be connected with a gymnasium. The college is located at Spirit Lake. If you want to go skating, a couple of minutes' walk will bring you to the skating rink. In that way the students are able to

take care of their health with a minimum expenditure of time and energy. It goes without saying that where 70 Wobblies are together the time is passing fast, too fast.

The term starts November 15 and ends April 15. Most of the students arrive and depart on these two dates. Only a few who have to leave—on account of financial circumstances—do not stay the full term. The seven months between April and November enable many of the students to raise the necessary winter stake and to return term after term and in that way gain a solid and systematic education.

Students Make Better I. W. W.'s.

The value of the college to the I. W. W. can hardly be exaggerated. Every student is, after he leaves the college, much better equipped to do "his bit" in the class struggle, than he was before. Quite a few of the students went, when they left the college, right to California. One of them, John Bruns, is in St. Quentin now and will, like all of the class war prisoners, be glad to receive letters from his fellow workers on the outside.

Many other students have made a good record after leaving college. Some as G. O. C. members, others as traveling delegates, and nearly all the rest of them as job delegates. And all of them agree that their studies at the college have been a great advantage for them in the organization work and educational activities that they have helped to carry on.

At the rate the attendance is increasing it will soon be necessary to increase the number of teachers. For that reason the college intends to conduct special classes for teachers next term, besides a special summer course for teachers either this year or next year. The college will then be able to turn out its own force of instructors, and whenever a college would be opened up in another locality, it would have at its disposition instructors especially trained for that kind of work.

Members of the I. W. W. should bear in mind that whatever their previous education is, there will always be courses adapted for them at the college, from the most elementary school subjects to the most advanced studies in economics and sociology. Make up your mind now to attend college next year, and you will easily have the necessary funds—\$200.00—by November 15. If you do so, you will not regret it.

